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CAN WE IMPLEMENT PEACE?

Editorial Foreword

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST recently delivered a statement to a Japanese newspaper in which he advised both Japan and the United States to mind their own business and keep out of the League of Nations. Mr. Hearst realizes that the League of Nations, although now in eclipse, is by no means dead. Its record of fifteen years has not been negative. To date, only one of its signatory nations, Japan, has engaged in a major offensive. The Geneva organization is still functioning with success in its health, social, and juridical agencies. So far from being purely a European affair the League has a commission now deliberating on the question of the disputed territories between Peru and Columbia.

The abstention of peace-loving United States from the League of Nations is one of the absurdities of history. It is due to the strangulation of enlightened public opinion by partisan politics. If at any one time during the past fifteen years the purpose of the League could have been explained quietly to every voter in the United States, probably ninety per cent of our citizens would have voted to join. Instead we have allowed political jingoes to drag the red herring of Washington's "entangling alliances" across our trail. In the early days the objection seemed to be led by two groups, the so-called reactionaries and the so-called radicals. The reactionaries feared that the United States would be injured by the League because we were too good and too weak for the corrupting foreign association. The radicals, on the other hand, feared that we would defeat the purpose of the League because we were too strong and too selfish to work in harmony with its exalted ideals. Partisan politics took advantage of these conflicting emotions, and under petty leadership we managed to stub our toes on the threshold of a great opportunity to curb the area of war in the world to-day.

The door of the League is still wide open for the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.

II

A STATE OF armed apprehension between any nations has a baneful repercussion on our economics and domestic happiness. War is the result of fear, and the most acute fear in Europe is the dread of the French peasant of another invasion. We will not lift that fear by a military alliance with France, but we can take our seat with France and other nations, with proper reservations, in perpetual counsel at Geneva and calm Europe by our common sense, our strength, and our courage. This need require of us no hazard, no sacrifice, only intelligent self-interest.

Before the war we had in America a society

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called the League to Enforce Peace. Some members of this society proposed to abolish war, not by manifesto, but by arms. Many of its members were disappointed when the League of Nations was set up without an international police to enforce its resolutions. Can the League be implemented? Yes, after perhaps a hundred years of experimentation. In the first place, all discussion of this problem should assume that, of course, the soldiers of no country in the service of the League will ever be required to act against their native land. The first difficulty is that the League has no land on which to quarter an army. But it does have the sky and the sea, and it is altogether possible to vote the rich Saar Basin under permanent, instead of temporary, League jurisdiction next year, 1935, as a territory for an international police. French experts have suggested the internationalization of all air forces of members of the League. British experts have discussed the pooling of navies.

III

MEANWHILE, WHAT can American citizens, American youth do at home to advance the passion for peace? Let the college meetings, the manifestoes sent to Washington with their thousands of signatures continue. These peace pronouncements are not futile folly. They serve to counteract the incessant lobbies of the armament firms, the daily scares of the munitions manufacturers — the real internationalists on the negative side for whom war means profit and for whom patriotism is subordinate, not to unselfishness, as with the pacifists, but to self-interest.

At this stage of human development reason and logic can hope to do little more than restrict the areas of war. Much, however, might be accomplished by implementing the emotions. Of course, pacifists have used the negative emotional propaganda of fear and disgust. For fifteen years the eyes of the civilized world have been treated to books, motion pictures, and plays depicting the horrors of the last war. But this negative propaganda is comparatively futile. To youth, danger, mutilation, and death seem to be more attractive than repulsive. Witness the parades in Germany to-day of square-shouldered boys and girls marching and singing through the streets, eager to submit their sturdy bodies to the challenge of bombs and poison gas.

No, we must appeal to positive, rather than negative, emotions. Musicians must write blood-stirring marching songs of blood-brotherhood and peace. The uniform of the pacifists on parade must be gayer than the military. The young women marching in line must be as sturdy as our tennis champions, and the mothers in the floats be as well-dressed and patriotic as the wives of munitions makers. In our military establishment we must concentrate on defensive mechanism that cannot so easily be turned into offensive. Let our college laboratories develop a defensive gas. The air offers the great opportunity. No activity to-day affords to youth a more splendid emotional outlet than aviation, which combines high physical condition, patriotism, progress, and constant danger. Let youth cloud the sun with airplanes and spread over America a screen that will make remote every possibility of invasion.

There are many on both sides of the Atlantic who believe that the most effective way to implement the hope of peace is by a Pax Anglo-Americana. Writing in THE FORUM a few years ago, an eminent authority on naval construction, William Hovgaard, Professor of Naval Architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (FORUM, November, 1925), declared that "an unconditional alliance between the United States and the British Empire is the most promising means of securing world peace for any considerable length of time." But we need not approach the idea as ambitiously as through "an unconditional alliance." We could confine the co-operation of the English-speaking peoples to the pooling of their navies. The British-American navy would be sufficient to police effectively the seas of the world, with or without the sanction of the League of Nations. It would not be necessary to keep our combined navies greater than the sum total of all other navies. If our joint navy were but one fourth the total of world naval armament, strategically it could control the seas. There would be no need for further exhausting naval competition.

Henry Goddard Leach

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CWA—FOLLY OR NECESSITY?

Two Points of View

The Second Four Million

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN
Washington Journalist

BORN OF noble purpose in November, the Federal Civil Works Administration expired in the early spring in horrible convulsions of graft, corruption, and bald political racketeering. It developed as the most sudden national scandal in American history. Never was a billion-dollar inspiration more cruelly buffeted by those cosmic forces which Kipling once catalogued as "the meaner damnabilities of life."

In the fifth winter of our great travail, Olympian idealism, with the United States Treasury at its back, ventured into the precincts to ameliorate the suffering of 11,000,000 unemployed. In the spring, practical politics swaggered triumphantly through $900,000,000 worth of canceled checks. A project shockingly impractical in conception, almost fantastic in administrative plan was acknowledged at length by even its most ardent advocates to have proven unsuccessful in operation. The final direct bill, for both states and nation, will be approximately $1,300,000,000 for the five months November 15–April 15; and if everyone under indictment as of April 1, 1934, should draw a maximum sentence, the end-to-end term of penal servitude would run something more than 1,500 years.

Before the CWA was a month old, a federal grand jury was investigating phases of its operations in California. A week before it was two months old the Department of Justice was investigating specific charges of maladministration and fraud in 8 states, and the Secretary of the Interior had assigned a special detachment of his 92 public-works investigators to check reports of CWA graft, conspiracy, and collusion in 35 other states. And as of February 1, the original regional administrative officers had been displaced in three primary centers, their work turned over to army engineers. An average of $70,000,000 *a week* then was being spent by a hastily reared and inadequately supervised national organization which caused federal funds to appear throughout the country as manna from Heaven. There were 9,000 federal disbursing officers in the 48 states. Each had a quota fixed in Washington. (Checks above the quota were turned back by the Treasury.) Precinct politics got a cut here and there. Inhuman chiseling took a heavy toll. Sheer incompetence cost untold millions. It was a financial field day for bureaucratic remote control, while in Washington noble purpose and zealous devotion to staggering responsibilities looked in dismay upon the wheel of things.

Although the details which since have become a part of the public record were not imagined generally during January, the definitive outlines of the picture were glimpsed in the Capital. On February 1, Mr. Paul Mallon, whose Washington column of news behind the news appears in some 150 dailies, began his dispatch thus:

> Even Mr. Roosevelt's most ardent admirers cannot quite stand the CWA. Administration inner circles gently grasp their noses now when anyone mentions it.

II

THIS DISCUSSION of the first American dole does not survey the initial $500,000,000 direct-relief program launched in May, 1933. That project was delegated to Mr. Harry A. Hopkins of New York, an intimate friend of President Roosevelt, who long had been en-

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gaged in social-welfare work. All who know him testify to his energy, devotion, and integrity.

The rather sharp seasonal increase in unemployment during the last week of October and the first days of November focused increasing pressure upon Washington for relief. The American Federation of Labor's regular monthly tabulations estimated 10,108,000 unemployed on October 1, 1933, and 10,702,000 on December 1.

Early in November, Mr. Hopkins was summoned one morning to the White House. He told the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives on January 30, 1934, of his talk with President Roosevelt.

> Enormous pressure was brought by our own relief people to the effect that the way to meet the problem this winter was through work — not through relief — and through real jobs, and not through relief jobs.
>
> The President decided to start Civil Works. He told me to put four million men to work. We decided to take two million men from the relief rolls and two million from among the self-sustaining unemployed.

One of the principal reasons for the works program, Mr. Hopkins continued, was that many needy people would not apply for relief.

> We found in the course of our experience that thousands and tens of thousands of people, no matter how well you try to run an organization, will not go to the relief office and apply for relief. They would rather go without adequate food. They do things we should not ask American citizens to do, because they will not ask for relief, because there has grown up in this country a profound prejudice against relief. It is fine and should be encouraged, but I think none of us realizes fully how widespread that feeling is, and to what extent that prejudice has grown in this country among hundreds of thousands of men.

The CWA was authorized by Presidential Executive Order No. 6420-B, signed November 7, 1933. This order allocated to Mr. Hopkins an additional $400,000,000 from the Public Works fund. Congress had appropriated $500,000,000 for direct federal relief in May.

Whipping the existing state-relief organizations into a new emergency agency, Mr. Hopkins launched the Civil Works program on November 15. His assignment, as he later described it to the House Committee, was to put 4,000,000 men to work in thirty-five days.

President Roosevelt addressed the state administrators for the CWA in Washington early in November:

> I like to stress not only the fact of four million, but also the fact that of those four millions of people, two million are to-day on what we might just as well call, frankly, a dole. When any man or woman goes on a dole, something happens to him mentally, and the quicker he is taken off the dole the better it is for him during the rest of his life.

III

ALMOST immediately after November 15, there flooded into Washington vigorous protests against CWA pay scales. Men were leaving part-time employment at 25 cents or 28 cents an hour to join the CWA at 30 cents. Within the month, Congressmen received complaints that in sections of the South, the CWA was actually outbidding industry for seasonal workers. Soon came reports of political interference in CWA placements. Next came a literal deluge of complaints against prodigious spending for equipment and supplies. Before mid-December, for example, a few more than 100,000 first-aid kits had been purchased for CWA workers.

All these reports and complaints came to members of the House or Senate. Many were read into the *Congressional Record* from day to day. They came also to the executive departments in letters, many of which, through grand-jury proceedings, since have become a part of the public record. Thousands of complaints went directly to Mr. Hopkins, to become part of the voluminous files he later turned over to the Department of Justice. On January 25, White House officials acknowledged that critical letters concerning the CWA were averaging 200 to 300 a day. Two blocks to the west, Mr. Hopkins'

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mail of protest then was running approximately 2,000 letters a day. From the *Congressional Record*, from the printed hearings of the Senate and House Appropriations Committees, and from official public communiques of the CWA headquarters we may piece out the pattern of the make-work jig-saw puzzle.

The first federal action against political racketeering was announced on November 23, when the new venture was but one week old. On that date, Mr. Hopkins telegraphed the State Administrator for Ohio to investigate charges that the Youngstown Director had "advised Democrats who want relief jobs to register at the City Employment Bureau and then take the card to Mr. Kearney, Clerk of the Board of Elections."

On December 14, when the CWA was a month under way, Mrs. Bulah Croker, widow of the celebrated Tammany leader, resigned as chairman of the local board for Palm Beach, Florida. "This thing has developed into the biggest graft in the country," she said in explaining her resignation.

On December 21, an investigation in San Francisco developed testimony that 104 women engaged in CWA work obtained their places under employment contracts calling for 30 per cent of their earnings.

A CWA supervisor in Chelsea, Massachusetts, appointed himself to a job at $50 a week.

On December 23, Mr. Hopkins was advised that a city councilman in Wheeling, West Virginia, was drawing $33 a week as a CWA administrator. On January 21, Frank R. Bell, Chairman of the Kanawha County CWA Board, said of the Charleston organization: "We have found men working on these projects and receiving $1.10 per hour who never in their lives had a paint brush or a carpenter's saw in their hands." Two federal indictments growing out of CWA irregularities now are pending in Huntington. The West Virginia file was one of the bulkiest turned over to the Department of Justice. A special committee of the State Legislature was appointed in January to inquire into public charges that a United States Senator had attempted to use the CWA as a political organization. The Senator named in these formal charges is a candidate for re-election this year.

In the sixty-day period following November 16, Los Angeles County had three successive regional administrators. Harrold English, the third, was installed on January 16, and resigned on January 26. In a newspaper statement, he said he attributed his resignation to the fact that he had "found it impossible to improve conditions, because of politics within and without." A week later, an army engineer was placed in charge at Los Angeles.

While these events were shaping, Mr. Chapin Hall was assigned by the *Los Angeles Times* to investigate the CWA throughout southern California. After a ten-day inquiry, he began his series, on January 26, with the statement:

> The Civil Works Administration in California has been turned into a ghastly tragedy.

Several thousand men had been assigned to road work without picks or shovels. All day long, other groups rode from town to town in trucks, searching for odd jobs which could be managed without tools or equipment. On January 24, a trucking contractor and two women accomplices were indicted by a federal grand jury in Los Angeles for conspiracy to defraud the government. They had charged truck drivers a percentage of their earnings for influence in placing them on the CWA payrolls. Mr. Hall concluded his first article with the paragraph:

> The plan intended to restore confidence and give honest labor an opportunity to do honest work is having the reverse effect. Victims of a paternal government say they are being exploited and mulcted.

On January 21, two men were arrested in Grant County, North Dakota, on federal warrants charging fraud. The United States District Attorney (Lanier) thus summarized his investigations of the CWA organization in that state:

> In a number of counties, three, and even four, members of a family have been given work, while other families in dire distress have been ignored. Supporters of one political faction of the state are, in many instances, given exclusive preference and ofttimes where they are not classified as needy.

On January 23, President Roosevelt formally directed Secretary of the Interior Ickes to cleanse the CWA of graft and corruption charges. Up to this time the entire organization had been in the hands of Mr. Hopkins and the several army officers furloughed by the

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War Department. On the same date, a special attorney in the Department of Justice was assigned to CWA investigations and proceedings.

On January 25, Gabriel L. Rettetiata, President of the Democratic Club of Maryland, pleaded guilty in Baltimore to an indictment charging him with having collected $450 from 39 unemployed.

In Bonner County, Idaho, the administrative unit originally approved by the State Board consisted of the three sitting county supervisors, all Democrats. On January 28, Mr. Hopkins ordered a federal inquiry into the Idaho organization. The Bonner County Board resigned that day. Mr. Hopkins' demand for an inquiry followed receipt of a report from a member of the Idaho delegation in Congress which quoted Mr. E. H. Hosbrouck, Manager of the Boise Employment Office: "Naturally Democrats are given preference for supervisory posts."

On January 29, Mr. Hopkins discharged the entire administrative board for Colorado. It had approved a project to audit the books of the municipality of Denver. The supervisor of the project was under contract to receive a fee from the city, the CWA to supply the bookkeepers and clerks.

In Boston, early in February, the United States District Attorney presented evidence before a federal grand jury touching upon numerous forged wage slips. These charges involved two state senators and a prominent Boston politician, not then in public office. One woman told the grand jury she had paid $8 and promised $10 more for a CWA job.

As of early April, detailed charges of political interference had been lodged in Washington against local administrative units in Salt Lake City, Buffalo, Boston, Detroit, Portland, Oregon, Dallas, Pittsburgh, and Wilkes-Barre. A newspaper survey of the Philadelphia unit, as of January 19, was headed: "CWA Seen as Political Paradise."

In Texas charges were aired in February that a senatorial candidate had endeavored to use the CWA as a patronage organization. Washington ordered an investigation of the Pittsburgh work on January 22. Next day, 28 public officeholders of Steubenville, Ohio, were dropped from the CWA rolls. On January 31, the Department of Justice initiated criminal actions in three cases in Kentucky and one each in Maryland, Arkansas, and Indiana. The Arkansas case involved evidence of CWA workers' splitting their pay with local administrative officials.

By the original national regulations, the regional disbursing officers were authorized to audit all purchase vouchers with a view to checking the reasonableness of prices. Under a modifying order promulgated by Mr. Hopkins on February 15, as a move to hasten payments for equipment purchases, regional auditors were released from "the responsibility of questioning or determining the business judgment exercised in the matter of price or quantity on purchases made prior to February 15."

A direct result of this order came to light in Detroit. Up to March 3 the largest number of approved disbursement vouchers received from Lansing in a single day had been 395. But on Monday, March 5, the day's approved purchase vouchers for Detroit numbered 900.

A federal inquiry into CWA trucking in Baltimore disclosed, on March 7, that 23 per cent of some 300 trucks engaged by federal funds were insured in a firm in which the Mayor was a partner. The Mayor's firm ranked highest in the CWA insurance list, with 67 trucks. Representative Ambrose J. Kennedy, also in the insurance business, had covered only 21; Gilbert A. Dailey, Collector of the Port of Baltimore and Democratic leader in the Sixth Assembly District, had 5 trucks under insurance, as did Thomas D. Alesandro, Jr., a member of the House of Delegates and known to Baltimore ward leaders as the "Mayor of Little Italy." Out of 282 trucks operating on CWA projects in Baltimore on March 3, only 82 were insured by firms not controlled by Democratic state or city officials.

Mayor Jackson, in response to these revelations of the federal investigators, said he would discharge any of his insurance employees who were shown to have used his name improperly in soliciting the truck policies.

"No pressure of any kind, to my knowledge," he added, "has been brought to bear on anyone. I have written hundreds of letters asking CWA officials to consider the employment of certain truck drivers and persons.

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How many of these trucks and persons have been given employment as a result of my letters I am sure I don't know, because I never followed up the correspondence. I do not consider these activities political, although they commonly are referred to as such."

In Providence, Rhode Island, the Democratic Committeeman for the Fifth Ward was found on the CWA payrolls at $40 a week. He had been steadily employed for several years as a night bus driver on the United Electric Railways. He was dismissed from the CWA on March 6, having been there since early December. He drove the bus at night and worked for the CWA by day.

On March 7, a federal grand jury in the Eastern District of New York indicted on two fraudulent vouchers for CWA pay. The inquiry began on February 13, when a Washington investigator advised the United States District Attorney that the New York City CWA payrolls had been padded. The individual named in the first indictment had been assigned to his work in January at the office of the Borough President for Queens. He was on the rolls as having worked three days a week. Evidence presented to the grand jury was to the effect that he never appeared on the job.

When the first indictment was returned more than 30 cases of this general type were under investigation by the District Attorney. One CWA employee in New York City had obtained a work ticket and farmed it out, keeping a difference of 10 cents an hour for himself. Another was arrested for selling "low-grade liquor" to his fellow workers.

In the face of the above appalling record, Mr. Hopkins could recall in his Senate testimony only 14 arrests up to the end of January.

> Senator Nye. Mr. Hopkins, are you satisfied that you have a full and complete accounting up to this time of the arrests that have been made?
>
> Mr. Hopkins. This was up to last week. These are not all the people that had been charged with doing things. There have been other charges. This is the thing I want to say: Every time we have heard of any man chiseling on this thing, we have gone after it at once. . . .
>
> Senator Adams. The whole policy has been to expose graft, not conceal it?

The answer was in the affirmative.

Mr. Hopkins also told this committee, on February 6, that he was shocked by the revelations of graft and corruption throughout the CWA.

> I am perfectly frank to say that when this enterprise was started it did not occur to me that people would do this kind of petty chiseling. I do not like this kind of petty chiseling. We discharged a whole state administration the other day because one of its members sat on a commission and approved a project on which he got a fee from another source — not a federal source — but in which he took a fee. I do not like that kind of business. I do not like the ethics that go with that.

Most of the complaints lodged with him charged political interference, Mr. Hopkins' testimony continued:

> Of the charges we get, I suppose forty-nine out of fifty are charges of political interference. They come from all groups and all parts of the country.
>
> Personally, I am not terribly disturbed about the charges of political interference. There has undoubtedly been some; but political interference does not hold up a project. . . . I do not mean to say that there has not been politics in this. I was asked the other day if I would not issue an order that everybody running for office should be refused a place on the CWA. I do not believe in that. I do not see why a free American citizen cannot run for office whenever he pleases. They should not abuse their positions of running for office to take advantage of our work, however. I have been unwilling to issue an order, say, that a public official cannot sit on one of our CWA boards. . . . These things disturb me. I must admit that I do not like this business of people getting into this money of ours; but in comparison with the whole job it is infinitesimal — infinitesimal.

IV

In the frenzied hurly-burly of placing everybody on some sort of payroll in thirty-five days, there was, of course, little time to reason why. If there were no picks and shovels

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available on the spot, men were turned upon dirt roads with rakes, as on one project at the edge of the District of Columbia early in February. And if there were no roads plotted, no leaves to rake, no snow to shovel, CWA crews were made available for any project, public or private, upon which human effort could be expended. In Montgomery County, Maryland, CWA men cleared a projected real-estate subdivision of surplus trees and brush. When the builder began construction of 4 dwellings he required the hired labor to take one tenth of its pay in the cord wood cut by the CWA.

Within a mile of this project, along U. S. Route No. 240 in the suburbs of Washington, D. C., 24 men were engaged four days in January trimming shrubs and trees on a vacant tract owned by Grover Cleveland Bergdoll.

Scores of purely local public works were assigned as federal projects. In Jacksonville, Florida, 700 men built a concrete beach walk 24 feet wide and 1,200 feet long. It cost Uncle Sam a bit more than $200,000 in CWA checks.

In the fall of 1933, the Public Works Administration approved an allotment of $200,000 for a tourists' hotel in the Virgin Islands — which has no established tourist trade.

In January, 1934, the Georgia CWA provided beauty treatments, hairdressing service, and manicures to the female inmates of state correctional institutions.

In Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas, at mid-March, no less than 10,000 men were officially reported as engaged in catching rats. On Monday, January 13, the CWA rat squad in Baltimore caught 627 rodents, against 219 the previous day. Philadelphia employed 900 men in a rat-catching campaign.

In New Jersey, a portion of CWA funds went to a rural campaign for the eradication of snakes. Soon there were shrieks from the farmers, who hold snakes to be the natural enemies of rats, mice, moles, and other destructive field rodents.

An experienced plumber in Morristown, New Jersey, had been eking out a living by working two or three days a week. In January two adult sons joined the CWA, one as a supervisor. In February, the father was located vacationing in Florida, whither he had journeyed in the old Ford.

Despite the drastic blanket cancellation of all domestic air-mail contracts in February, Washington did not entirely forsake American aviation. Postmaster General Farley's order grounded the commercial-transport business over wide areas, but two weeks later the CWA report showed men at work on 385 new federal-aid airports, all begun since December. Projects also had been approved for extension of facilities at 303 existing fields. As of early March, 60,000 CWA men were engaged on airport developments.

On February 2, the New York City unit authorized $28,000 for the presentation of 12 CWA plays. George Junkin was engaged as technical director. He visioned the project as "the opening wedge for a gigantic program to include grand opera, and the return of the old road show, all to be financed by the federal government. The possibilities, given adequate federal support, are limitless."

Another project on Mr. Junkin's tentative program contemplated the engagement of 5,000 Harlem negroes to present a series of spiritual pageants throughout the country. Another plan called for the organization of experienced stage hands and property technicians, 10 men to a company, to visit schools and amateur theater groups to assist in production problems.

Summoned for jury service in Buffalo early in January, Bernard J. Bell asked to be excused because he was engaged by the CWA as an indoor-golf instructor in Elmwood Music Hall.

A citizen of Maryland who has an extensive law practice in Washington, D. C., suggested to his CWA administrator in Frederick County that a 2-mile highway from the state road to his mountain cottage might be a suitable project. Seventy-five men were engaged on it for some ten days. A 30-foot right of way was cleared to the mountain top, and a 14-foot surfaced road laid. The lawyer's house at the end of the trail is the only habitation beyond the state artery. This exclusive CWA road is within 45 miles of the National Capital. The Frederick County authorities declined to estimate its cost.

Indian mounds and forts were excavated in Utah, California, Florida, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, and New Mexico.

Two counties in Maryland engaged CWA forces in midwinter to eradicate dog ticks.

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In Nebraska, 80 men were employed to send special daily weather reports to Lincoln. None was experienced in weather reporting.

On Cape Cod, 58 men were engaged early in February in eliminating apple pests and brown-tail moths.

In Washington, D. C., the CWA also helped for a time in a campaign to drive the sparrows and starlings from the dome of the Capitol. Fifty electric automobile sirens, connected in series, were strung around the majestic dome. At intervals of about half an hour a button was pressed. Birds not scared out by the first honk were literally blown out of hiding by the second. But this venture was abandoned when it was discovered that the blasts were slightly quaking the bookshelves in the Library of Congress, across the Capitol Plaza.

V

Up to March 15, strikes or labor agitation had interrupted CWA projects in 8 states — West Virginia, Missouri, New York, Michigan, Ohio, California, Pennsylvania, and Georgia. In addition, mass meetings or other labor disturbances among CWA workers had been reported officially from Fort Wayne, Bismarck, Kansas City, St. Louis, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Providence, and Omaha. On January 23, approximately 4,600 men quit work in Kanawha County, West Virginia. In Milwaukee, on January 22, some 1,000 disgruntled CWA workers held a protest meeting before the Municipal Building. A federal inquiry into the labor difficulties in Wisconsin was ordered from Washington on January 23.

Early in December, when the national program was two weeks old, representatives of organized labor informed Mr. Hopkins that in some localities union members were working for the CWA at less than union scale. On December 15, Mr. Hopkins issued a new national regulation requiring that when members of recognized labor unions were engaged on any project they should be paid at the *prevailing union scale* for the locality. This regulation also provided that when local relief rolls and public employment-agency lists were exhausted administrators should solicit labor organizations for additional needed workers.

Grave difficulties developed in the administration of this order. In Cleveland, Chicago, and Pittsburgh, local unions put some of their men in the way of CWA jobs on condition they pay up all back dues. One Cleveland local assessed its members $5 a head for places on the CWA eligible list. So flagrant did this type of labor racketeering become in Chicago that the Association of Commerce instituted a special inquiry. On December 23, George W. Rosseter, President of the Association, wired an urgent demand to Mr. Hopkins for corrective action. "The defeat of all those humanitarian purposes evidenced by President Roosevelt in the establishment of the CWA seems certain under the abuses to which this program is being subjected in Chicago," he said in part. The evidence submitted by mail was referred promptly to the Department of Justice.

In Washington, D. C., civilian workers in the naval gun factory filed formal protest that while experienced operators were paid 88 cents an hour, minus the 15 per cent legislative pay cut, unemployed union members assigned by the CWA were paid $1.10 an hour, "the prevailing wage rate."

Under the original law, all CWA workers were protected by the Federal Workmen's Compensation statutes. Through the veterans' hospitals, free medical care was provided for both CWA and CCC workers. Up to February 15, there had been 224 death and 27,749 accident claims filed from the CWA. In certain types of injuries, the federal government's contingent liability, as under the War Veteran Acts, may continue for several years. In December, the CWA transferred $14,000,000 to the Federal Compensation Commission as a deposit against death and accident claims anticipated by the government actuarial tables.

George J. Krebs, Regional Compensation Director in Milwaukee, reported that there had been 5,500 CWA accidents in Wisconsin up to the end of January — 2,300 of them in Milwaukee.

In the Senate Committee hearings on the $950,000,000 renewal appropriation, February 6, 1934, the following colloquy presented the Government's responsibility for compensation in impressive clarity and directness:

> Mr. Hopkins. All of the state and local Civil Works administrators are agents of the federal government.

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SENATOR BYRNES. Then if the county courthouse in my county is having some work done to it by the CWA employees, employed by the local officials, really the federal government is doing the repair work on my county courthouse?

MR. HOPKINS. That is right.

SENATOR HAYDEN. The man gets his check in payment for his week's wages from the United States?

MR. HOPKINS. That is right.

SENATOR BYRNES. If he is injured, he goes on the compensation rolls of the federal government, then, there to continue?

MR. HOPKINS. Yes.

VI

AS HAD BEEN anticipated by many reputable authorities on high-proof stimulants, tapering off the CWA spending spree proved more of an ordeal than had been hinted by the sweet hallucinations of the glorious hours. A shot in the economic arm produces dazzling lights in the black of night — but dulls the sun of noon. Once a people has breathed the rarefied financial stratosphere of the dole, it embraces reluctantly again the ageless tradition, "By the sweat of thy brow. . . ."

"The more expenditures there are the more beneficiaries there will be, and not one of them is going to demand the abolition of the CWA," admonished Senator Carter Glass on January 27. "Who ever heard of a convention of children demanding the abolition of Santa Claus?"

When the gradual demobilization was begun on March 1, officials of the national organizations, as well as members of Congress, admitted frankly they had a bear by the tail. Funds were available to carry on until May 1. A single example will illustrate the problem: When the make-work dole was announced in November, 180,000 persons in New York State were transferred in one operation from the state to the federal payrolls. Their organizations now absorbed, will the states take back their needy? No state funds are available. The legislatures are not in session. Will Congress let go at the moment a national mid-term election campaign gets under way?

And what of the unfinished business? In hundreds of communities, the abandonment of the national program leaves many jobs half done — swimming pools dug but no concrete poured; bridle paths cut but not surfaced; playgrounds staked but neither graded nor equipped. In many cities, also, equipment and material orders were placed for the entire works program as originally approved. Mountains of material thus accumulated are stored throughout the country — all of it paid for by public funds, mostly from the United States Treasury.

It will be said that the CWA was above all its imperfections — that by providing subsistence for 4,000,000 people through the winter it averted a national crisis. The answer to such hysteria was prepared before the CWA was launched. Mr. Calvin Bullock's exhaustive survey of economic conditions in Canada during October and November, 1933, will serve well as an example. His words epitomize a thought widely held throughout the entire world since June, 1933:

> The Dominion has enjoyed a rapid expansion in most major economic fields comparable with that in the United States, yet without resort to the stimulants employed by the federal administration in the United States. . . . The recent improvement has been so marked as to carry current rates up to and even above the corresponding periods of 1929 and 1930.

But our own indices still are in the last half of 1931.

When the calm, sober story of 1933 finally is written, it will give more than passing mention to the words of those who cried in the wilderness that Washington's fantastic boot-strap program retarded, rather than aided, sustained economic recovery in the United States.

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Relief Before Caution

BY WILLIAM P. CONNERY, JR.

Chairman, Committee on Labor, House of Representatives

When the CWA program was formulated in November — during the first year of the Roosevelt Administration — it was obvious that the federal government must do something to alleviate the terrible suffering and want so prevalent throughout the nation. No matter what suggestion was adopted, the plan to be accepted had to be more or less a palliative. No one could disregard for a moment the absolute need of immediately providing some mode or plan of relief for the millions of unemployed. (The estimates of the number of unemployed during the last three years of the depression have varied between ten and fourteen million, and if we are to consider, along with these figures, the number of persons dependent upon these wage earners, we arrive at the stupendous number of approximately thirty or thirty-five million.)

Unquestionably the many alarmists are ready to argue that the initial expenditure for CWA work was not justified, and that the subsequent additional appropriation of $950,000,000 has created a great hue and cry from the big taxpayers. Admitting such imperfections as may be shown by the record of CWA investigations, let us examine a few of the underlying factors and conditions which should justify the existence, and, I would add, the continuation, of the CWA program.

Prior to the establishment of the CWA, charges had been rampant that the government took no interest in the general welfare of the common people. As Chairman of the Committee on Labor, House of Representatives, I have listened for two or three years to the testimony of witnesses who have decried the lack of sympathy on the part of the federal government toward the suffering and privation of millions of unprivileged citizens who clamor for an opportunity to work. Industrial leaders, the employers of normal times, have known these conditions, but they were unable to offer any acceptable plan of relief. As a matter of fact, I shudder when I think what might have happened had not means been offered to give employment of some kind to the jobless, when industry was unable to readjust itself to the problem of absorbing them. Doubtless, many of those unemployed workers would have starved to death; many others would have lost whatever faith and confidence in the government remained in them. There was but one alternative, then, to the development of disorder out of abject misery, and that great humanitarian, President Roosevelt, decreed that jobs must be created for the needy.

Circumstances did not permit any long study or careful planning of the solution to the problem — the situation called for emergency measures and immediate action. The average citizen does not realize how colossal an undertaking it was to put four million people to work within a period of thirty-five days. The Administration was clearly handicapped, and Mr. Harry A. Hopkins, Director of the CWA, was, and is, ready to admit that fact. The most important consideration, however, was to develop purchasing power.

I agree substantially with Mr. Hopkins' opinion that wages are spent much faster than dividends or profits. Therefore, it was highly essential in the emergency set-up that as large a percentage of the national income as possible go for wages, because that money is necessarily spent and not saved. The CWA Administrator, in determining wage scales, authorized the payment of the prevailing rate of wages in the locality in which the work was done. Even though violations of this provision may be cited, such violations are not inconsistent with operations which we find under the Davis-Bacon Law.* Under this law, which was enacted on March 3, 1931, there were some two hundred violations reported to the office of the Secretary of Labor within the first six months after its enactment.

A vicious opposition to the idea of the CWA appeared shortly after the project was launched. This opposition was to be expected, of course, and it came from employers of labor throughout the country who had been accustomed to exploit their employees by low wages and long hours, without any great interference except from the ranks of organized labor.

* *This law sets wage rates under United States government contracts.*

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When the President, through Director Hopkins, insisted that fair wages be paid to those working on CWA projects — wages commensurate with those demanded by organized labor — it infuriated the low-wage sharks, for it forced them to pay fair wages in their own industries to keep their employees from going to work for the Government. A close examination of the sources of criticism of the CWA will reveal the fact that, to big business, this is the real worm in the apple.

Many of the corrupt practices and intrigues charged to the administration of the CWA are alleged to have originated from political sources. In all fairness to Mr. Hopkins, it must be recognized that he has endeavored to place the responsibility of management in the hands of those persons whose economic convictions are substantially in harmony with those of the Roosevelt Administration, irrespective of their political labels.

The present Congress is faced with the problem of enacting legislation which will bring relief to the people. There has been proposed a thirty-hour week for industry, the principal aim of which is to distribute employment and thereby develop purchasing power. Hearings before the Committee on Labor during the last two years disclosed the fact that a thirty-hour week in industry would probably re-employ about six million people. It can readily be seen, then, that immediate action by Congress in passing this legislation is vitally necessary in order to put back into industry, when the CWA is discontinued, the four million people who have benefited by it. But even putting six million people back to work will not solve the unemployment problem, because we shall still have about six million unemployed left. It should be evident from this, therefore, that the whole legislative program does not begin nor stop with the CWA. It includes a series of steps toward social readjustment, of which each component part has a close relationship with the others.

There is now pending, also, legislation for unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. The present social conditions of our nation are so appalling that it seems imperative that we enact this type of legislation in order to safeguard the future security and well-being of the American people.

In my judgment the CWA program was a necessary forerunner to these measures. Although it was hastily designed to meet an emergency, it was of paramount importance in the general scheme. The PWA program must of necessity, because of its peculiar character, be worked out along lines of more deliberate planning and more careful determination. The CWA was no more nor less than a stop-gap — an attempt to place in gainful employment as many of the needy as was possible, until other organized and well-defined methods were devised for the relief of the destitute and the poverty-stricken. Considering the magnitude of the project and the huge total of disbursements while it functioned, I feel that the CWA was an amazing achievement, and if it enabled four million people to find employment during the past hard winter, it well served its purpose. It most certainly created a genuine respect for the aims and purposes of the President, and it demonstrated clearly his determination to live up to his promise that no person in the United States would be allowed to go hungry. In addition, the CWA has given new hope to people whose morale had been shattered. Such accomplishments augur well for the success of the Administration's plans for relief.

The legislative and executive branches of the Government are devoting themselves diligently to the development of social measures which will deal adequately with the depressing conditions now weighing upon the American people. It is far more than just a legislative and executive program; it is a challenge to the patriotism of every citizen. The efforts of the Administration to restore confidence in American ideals and institutions demand that every citizen should see to it that graft or irregularities in the conduct of any relief agency are brought immediately to the attention of the Government.

Criticism of the CWA or of any other emergency program is not justified in the light of the pronounced advance which has been made thus far in providing some remedy for the suffering which is in our midst. Human misery cannot be measured in terms of dollars and cents, and when the citizens of the United States are willing to adopt the attitude of "live and let live," the real significance of the CWA will be profoundly established.

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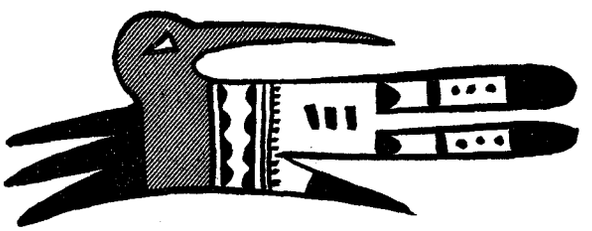
CAN PRAYER BE ANSWERED?—I

BY MARY AUSTIN



FOR MANY YEARS I thought I might some day write a book on the method and philosophy of prayer. For thirty-five years I have experimented in it freely, kept notes, and supposed that I had learned enough about it to make a substantial contribution. What I discover at the end of that time is that I am still far from the end of discoveries about it. As an excuse for these spare notes about the subject, I offer that the art of prayer has dropped out of general practice, and that, at a time when, if ever, we need it, it may be possible to bring it back into the psychology of our era.

TINNEMAHA, MEDICINE MAN

I WAS brought up in an atmosphere of middle-western Methodism, where prayer was largely an emotional exercise of greater or lesser intensity. Then I came to a crisis in my life where supernormal help was required but could not be commanded by the emotional method. The only other resort I had was to the Piute Indians, who practiced long-established methods of prayer which I had reason to believe were, in personal emergencies, available. It was Tinnemaha, the medicine man, who explained to me what all my study of aboriginal methods has confirmed — that Indians do not pray to a god but to a principle existing in all created life, accessible to man, responsive to him, workable. It went, for Tinnemaha, by the name of The Friend of the Soul of Man — something alive and kindly. By prayer you laid hold on it and if you prayed aright you got what you asked. There were various ways of reaching this Friend, and some people were more successful at it than others. A personal incident brought to my mind that the medicine man from Fish Lake was particularly successful. It happened that my *mahala* (servant woman) had on her lung an abscess of which she was like to die. I had taken her to my white doctor, who said that she would die in a few days when the abscess grew so large that it pressed upon her heart. She herself had been to Tinnemaha, who had failed to relieve her, but the *mahala* herself was certain that if she could only get the medicine man from Fish Lake. . . . I couldn't afford it but I agreed to pay for him if the Indians would fetch him and take him home.

He came at nightfall, when she was so far gone that she could no longer talk. He went over her body with a gentle tapping which he ceased as he neared the location of the abscess. Then he had her warmly wrapped, a fire near her feet, and began the treatment by singing and dancing. He kept time with a gourd rattle, and was accompanied by several older Indians. After an hour or two the *mahala's* moaning fell off, and she seemed to sleep. For another hour the monotonous chant went on; then the medicine man himself dropped into a light, trance-like slumber of twenty minutes or so, from which he roused to say that he had met the Friend and felt sure that another hour or two of treatment would effect a cure. So it went on, until the medicine man stretched himself beside her in sleep, and I watched, creeping up occasionally to feel that she was still warm. About daylight the *mahala* waked, coughed, threw off a quantity of bloody sputum, and some time later sat up and demanded something to eat.

Before he left I had as much as possible of his

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method from the medicine man. He said you didn't get help from the Friend simply by asking; you had first to get to Him, or It. (He called it Him but explained that it was not a person.) You had to make a veritable motion of your own soul, "here." He moved his hand over the region of his solar plexus. When you had climbed up to the Friend by rhythmic motions and noises you laid hands on Him, and the thing you wanted happened. All I have ever learned since from Indians of their method of prayer does not go much beyond that.

The Nature of Prayer

Prayer, to the aboriginal, is an explicit motion of the inner self which puts you in touch with the living principle which controls the existing emergency, whether it be of sickness or the need of rain to make crops grow. All primitive prayer methods apparently are built on some such intuitive apperception of mind-stuff diffused throughout creation and accessible to man's mind. This is the basis of all activities called religious, and it is no longer held unscientific to insist that this general human assumption has casual efficiency. The great psychologist, William McDougall, maintains that the sciences afford positive support to such fundamental affirmations of religion. And there are plainly marked traces of the belief in such fundamentals pervading the created universe in all the great religions that have contributed to civilization. It was the scientific side of my mind that led to the ready acceptance of aboriginal prayer systems which meant more than mere emotional appeal and depended for their efficacy upon explicit activities of the individual mind. Even the most primitive tribes seem to have made that discovery, and to have found that the necessary motions for successful prayer are more easily made by some minds than others. The natural differences in individual capacity for successful prayer plainly indicated that the best methods, if not native, might at least be acquired.

I set out then to learn the Indian method. What I discovered first was that the value of sustained rhythmic movements and noises lay in their power to break the tension of immediate circumstances and their hold on the attention. I experimented with the drum, the piano, and the dance. What I learned was that the drum was the most efficacious because one can play it and dance at the same time, as one cannot with any other instrument. I experimented with symbolic gesture and dress and found that their function was suggestive — especially the ritualistic act — enabling the petitioner to get into the creative principle that underlies successful prayer in the same way that a scientific experiment enables the experimenter to get inside the substance that is the object of research. By going through the constructive gestures of an act you get closer to the causative efficiency of that act, nearer to making it take place.

By experimenting in the symbolic use of smoke I learned the immensely suggestive power it plays in Indian ritual. It is well known that smoke has played an important part in all Indian ceremonials but probably not understood that it has become popular through its association with meditatively affective states of mind. I have not experimented much in ritually affective dress but have studied it enough to understand the early association of drama and religion and to appreciate the help that the religious orders get from their ritual of dress.

The Early Christian Attitude

In all this I had some help, probably from the necessity my vocation as a writer forced upon me — of being able to practice varying attitudes of mind and modes of thought. I found the two practices of prayer and creative writing worked together helpfully, but my earliest use of suggestion was to break the hold on my attention of the immediate present. All modes of suggestion are helpful in securing the state of mind most necessary to making the prayer gesture successfully — the state of detachment. Everybody lives more or less in a coil of immediate claims upon attention which must be shuffled off before the attention can be affectively fixed on the creative principle which it is designed to use as a basis of prayer. But to learn about the necessity and method of detachment I had to have help from nearer my own period, and this I got by going to Italy on an errand which I shall explain later.

I suppose no one who goes to Italy does much the first few weeks but look at churches, and there I was immediately struck by the immense

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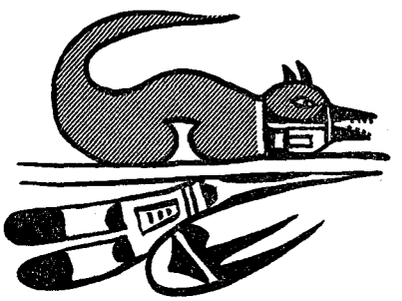
importance of prayer in the early history of the Catholic Church. I was well enough read in early Mediterranean history to see promptly how it overlapped with Greek and Roman influences and I was able by my recently acquired knowledge of primitive prayer, developing by the addition of personalities to abstract properties of mind, to see how it all welded together as a process of human evolution. I began at once tracing the Christian method out of its various Mediterranean stems and no sooner had I read what the early Christian saints had left on the subject than I found myself back where I had begun with the Indians — at prayer as an explicit gesture of the mind. Among the saints as among the savages prayer was not so much a thing asked as a thing done — a linking of the individual mind with supernal sources of power. There was the same use of ritual for breaking the tension of immediate things, increased as that tension increased with multiplication of the ways in which civilization laid hold on the minds of men: the same use of posture and color and dress and similar use of symbols — in wine and bread, in incense smoke and candle flame. But the saints had pushed on further, made more explicit gestures. They had in fact climbed so far beyond the psychology of their time that the vocabulary of their time furnished no more words by which their gestures could be explained, which is probably why by the middle of the sixteenth century prayer methods had reached a complexity which I have not been able to catch up with absolutely. The prevalence of the monastic idea had by this time removed the fixation of prayer from the immediate daily needs of Christian living to what it will do for us hereafter, so that the average person lost interest in it as an adventure.



However, it was as an adventure that I still pursued it, with much help from various notable Catholics whom I met and with access to the Library of the Vatican and the Bibliotheque Nationale. I picked up the Greek and Roman methods and traced them under their gradual shift to the Christian approach. It was easy to trace through it all the perpetual search among the many influences man felt playing on his destiny for the right name, the explicit force, the way in which the saints of Christianity were let into the places of the lesser gods of the heathen hierarchies. The Christian saint was a perfectly logical deduction from the conviction of survival which made its way along with Christian belief into Mediterranean thought. I had found the beginning of that practice among the Pueblos, who had made a practice of burying people noted for their sanctity in their house walls, so that it was easy to see how the necessity of proving and demonstrating the survival of special miraculous powers had become a serious responsibility of the Church. But it was also just as plain that the legends of the earlier saints had never been anything but legends evolved out of the human need to attach personality to the felt responsiveness to prayer. The earliest saints had never had any more real existence than had the Rainbow Boy of the Navajo or the Thunderbird, with clashing feathers of obsidian, of the Pueblo. So clearly were they built out of man's eager search for validity among the supernormal powers, that I found at Rome even an altar to St. Expedite, the Holy Hurry-up, who could be appealed to in emergencies. From religion to religion it wasn't the identity of the power that counted. What the ancestors had been doing was

Calling on Zeus by the names of Victory

and no matter what name was called, something always answered.

A Question of Temperament

Well, I wasn't afraid by this time to walk with reverent feet in any trail where men had reverently walked before me. I found by direct experiment that I could pray successfully to Mary when I wanted mothering or to St. Joseph when in need of husbandly care and protection. Not that I ever believed that surviving personalities who had once lived under these names responded to my prayers but rather that mothering and husbanding are such fundamental, normal, human activities that the aptitude for them must run through the whole fabric of humanity — accessible and

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(if there is anything at all to the theory of prayer) well within the reach of prayerful evocation. The whole texture of what we call our spiritual life must be made up largely of these dispositions, so that the individual existence is capable of being amplified and extended by the use of this deeply practiced experience of the stuff of human life. It is true that I never practiced getting help for things lost from St. Anthony of Padua nor went the length of standing the Saint on his head or relegating him for a few days to the family rubbish heap until he became more attentive, as I have heard that Italian peasants do; but I did, as I shall describe further on, get help from St. Francis of Assisi and various others of the notable realities among saintships when these had left a clear trail to their sources.

Also something else happened to me which I always attach to my intense preoccupation with prayer methods at that time. For I had really gone to Italy expecting to die there. Some six or eight months before going I had suffered painful symptoms which had finally been diagnosed as cancer of the breast, an affliction which might be delayed by an operation but which was most likely to end in an extremely painful death. And I, having been more or less ill most of my life, decided to make no fight, to go when my time came — but not before I had seen what I hated to miss most of this earth, the great art of the world. So with my arm in a sling and my breath drawn tight against pain I set out for Italy. Some five months later I met in Venice friends I had not seen since my arrival. They commented on the fact that I was not wearing my sling. And when I stopped to think about it I realized that I did not know when I had left it off. Feeling cautiously for the place where the pain used to be I realized that, somewhere in the business of achieving complete detachment for the furtherance of my prayer project, I had left my ailment behind me.

Notwithstanding that I had never shaped a petition to that end, I was so convinced of the relevance of these two phenomena that I have made a practice since, in the many serious illnesses that have overtaken me, of escaping them not by direct prayer but simply by occupying myself profoundly with the gestures of prayer. I look over my various projects until I discover one which seems to require the use of prayer and get busy about it, in which process I escape the illness. But it was this experience which taught me the necessity of detachment as a preliminary to successful prayer. To have a prayer come through you must not care too much or too personally about it, must as completely as possible separate yourself from all emotion about it. Not that prayer accompanied by emotion won't come through, but that it will come stormily, involved in other emotions that obscure and distort its reactions. After this had happened to me two or three times, I recalled that my friends, the Indians, had always avoided emotion in prayer, and that in the books of the saints it was so advised.

In the writings of the saints I found two explicit methods, one of which consisted in thinking yourself into the picture of the answered prayer, seeing yourself in it, and living in that conviction; while the other method centered in realizing the essential property of the answer and through that realization entering into possession. The first of these methods is Roman, and the second, Greek. One recalls that the Roman placed a candle and a wreath on his dung heap, inviting the spirit of fertilization resident in dung heaps to act upon his field; while the Greek prayed with music and libations to a spirit of burgeoning growth. So doing, the Greeks became poets and philosophers, and the Romans mighty materialists; so that it seems largely a matter of temperament which method you choose. The indispensable process of all methods appears to be a clear realization of the effect that is desired.

That is why Indians worked steadily toward the personalization of the forces believed to be working for them; and the Christians ended with the complete personalization in saints of the end desired; and why, perhaps, when the whole field of human endeavor had been personalized the Christian adventure of prayer began to decline. It may be that before we get a return to the medieval fervors of prayer we will have to get a clearer perception of what it is that works in answer to the sustained process of desire called prayer. But we can go a little further with the saints before we are plump upon the necessity of finding something to take their places.

(*Continued in the next issue*)

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HOW TO SPEED JUSTICE

BY HARRY D. NIMS

Cartoon by Daniel R. Fitzpatrick *Courtesy of the St. Louis Post Dispatch*

Wake up, Rip, there's a New Deal on

THE NERVE CENTERS of lawyers and judges are deadened to the social evils that come from the slow motion of the law and its courts. It is inevitable that this should be so, for there has never been a time in the memory of those now living when such delay did not exist. But to-day it is the human rather than the juridical side of the flaws in our administration of justice that obtrude most sharply upon our consciousness. When a family has lost its wage-earner, and an attempt to obtain a prompt settlement of a claim for negligence is delayed by the congestion of the courts from three to four years, then the economic stringency of the times brings the social consequences of the injustice into clear relief. And defendants in similar cases customarily take advantage of the circumstances which permit such delay — hoping that the death of witnesses, the dimming of memories, and the discouragement and desperation produced by the passage of time may reduce the eventual amount of the award. Such practices are but a part of the "game."

The Jones family lived in the most northerly part of New York State; it took in summer boarders; among the boarders one year was a family from New York City. The following fall Mr. Jones was served with a summons to defend a suit for damages in a New York City court. One of the boarders' children had come down with typhoid. The charge was that on the Jones farm there was a typhoid carrier. Four times Jones traveled to the city with his lawyer, his doctor, and two other witnesses, expecting his case to be called for trial. Three times he returned home because the case was not "reached" on the calendar. The last time, at the insistence of the judge, he paid $500 to settle the case and went home. He was an old man. This experience devoured the savings of a lifetime of farm labor. This is a true story. It may well be wondered what is Jones' attitude to-day toward justice and the courts. And it may well be wondered, too, what would be his attitude if he knew that there is in certain states (but not in New York) a system of handling court calendars which could have saved him three of his four trips south and three fourths of the savings he expended.

Situations like this have been common for years. Why has there been no successful campaign to end them? The answer to this question is to be found in the widespread misunderstanding as to who is responsible for their continued existence. Court procedure involves technical problems, and one who does not possess technical knowledge cannot reasonably be charged with the job of solving them. The responsibility would logically rest on the bar, but it must be remembered that lawyers of the sort able to influence courts and legislatures toward reform often carry heavy responsibilities to others. They are subject to loyalties which forbid open criticism of the courts on which they must depend for protection of their clients — whose rights and sometimes whose lives are in their keeping. By urging reform, to

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antagonize judges and conservative members of his own profession may end the usefulness of a lawyer.

Thus there remains no one in the community equipped to deal with the problems of judicial delay except the judges. And they are pre-eminently equipped to deal with them, for they undergo daily experience with them just at the point of contact between public and court and they need be hampered by no conflicting loyalties. But so long as the public and the bench leave this situation to be dealt with by the bar and the bar associations, it will never be remedied.

II

THE CONDITIONS in our legal organization that make for delay are not far to seek. Recent statistical work has shown that 75 per cent of the cases started never see the courtrooms, and are never considered by a jury or by a judge on the bench. These are the never-to-be-tried-in-any-event items on our long court calendars — most of them held there by defendants who hope the delay will save them money. If these cases were struck off, only one in four would be left. Thus 75 per cent of the business of the courts is purely administrative, not judicial; yet the administrative side of the court is largely neglected. The interest is all in the "game" being played in the courtrooms. There are families that lose their homes because they cannot hold out until a decision is obtained; there are children taken from school and put to work for the same reason. Yet the cases from which such tragedies result sleep on in the clerk's files, forgotten, until finally called for actual trial months, perhaps years, after they were begun. Modern methods of court procedure can deal with these never-to-be-tried cases and dispose of most of them as soon as they appear on the calendar.

The popularity of the jury is responsible for much of this delay. Our people cling to the system, and rightly, as the great safeguard of their rights. But it is the most expensive form of trial in terms of the taxpayer's money, for it costs $500 or more per day to operate a jury court in large cities and over $1,000 to try the average jury case. And in some states jury cases make up as much as 75 per cent of all those brought in the higher courts. The plaintiff thinks (erroneously, it appears in the light of recent studies) that a jury will give him more than a judge without a jury. Defendants demand a jury because, even though they are defeated in the end, by insisting on this form of trial and thus getting their cases on the long calendars they are able to postpone trial for months and perhaps years and thereby enjoy the use of their money that much longer.

The jury contributes heavily to delay because, under our present scheme of court organization, a jury trial must be presided over by a judge of the court itself and not by a referee or by a judge from another court. Hence the capacity of any court to dispose of jury cases is limited by the number of its *own* judges. This makes the court an inflexible institution with a maximum output. If litigation suddenly increases because of unusual conditions, the cases merely pile up. The court is helpless to adjust itself temporarily to changing conditions, to its greater load. Forgetting that only one case in four reaches the courtroom, it sticks to the theory that output can be increased only by adding more judges. And most states lack the means of creating judges for emergency terms of a few months, during which arrears might be disposed of and the court's work be brought up to date. Judges must be elected or appointed for life or for terms of years. In some states the term is as long as 14 years; and judges are expensive to maintain. One additional judge in New York City, with all that is necessary to enable him to function, means an expense of about $1,500,000 for his 14-year term.

III

SACRIFICE of the jury system and turning the present jury cases over to commissions or bureaus — a plan seriously urged in some quarters — is not necessary to a solution. The answer has been found in several states in better court management. Breaking down the absurd division fences between the different courts of a state — fences which prevent the judges of one court from helping in another and which make the whole system rigid and incapable of adjusting itself to emergencies — is a complete answer to delay. Arrayed against such measures, however, is the actual disinclination of judges to sit in any court of lower rank than

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that to which they are elected or appointed or to submit their work to organized control; they consider themselves responsible only to the constituents to whom they owe their office. Such habits and convictions are difficult to overcome.

In his address at Poughkeepsie on August 26, 1933, President Roosevelt reminded his neighbors that, as Governor of New York State, he had warned them against the "six or eight layers of government you are under." He spoke of the 13,000 "local units of government" in the State, of "over 950 Highway Departments." He might have drawn further illustrations from the courts. In most states there exists at least one appellate court, while in each county there is the state court of general jurisdiction, which tries cases involving amounts of $2,000 or $3,000 and upwards. In addition, there are county courts, city courts, municipal courts, children's courts, family courts, surrogate or probate courts, and magistrates' or police courts. Each is distinct from all the others, with judges of its own who may not sit in any other court. In some the judges are busy; in others not; but usually there is no way by which those who are not busy may sit in other courts which are overworked.

It is an American theory, entrenched in constitution, statute, and custom, that courts are local institutions. The reasons that led, a hundred years ago, to this emphasis on the locality, the village, the town, the county are not all sound to-day. Judges were chosen then because of their knowledge of local conditions and peculiarities, just as in earlier days men were placed on juries because they had special acquaintance with the persons or the properties involved in the cases to be tried. To-day men are often kept off juries for these very reasons. And the assignment of judges to duty in courts in different parts of a state presents a problem which is going through an evolution similar to that through which the selection of jurors has passed. Under present political and business conditions there is reason to doubt that the local judge who knows the parties, witnesses, or lawyers in the cases before him or who knows the local political leaders, and is known of them, is able to render as impartial and even-handed justice as is a judge not so acquainted. Certainly the advantages of keeping a judge in his own bailiwick are not so pronounced as to excuse the delay which results from this practice.

Some years ago Charles W. Eliot, Louis D. Brandeis, Moorfield Storey, Adolph J. Rodenbeck, and Roscoe Pound acted as a committee to study the administration of justice for the National Economic League. One of their findings was this:

> Effective administration of justice in the urban communities of to-day requires a unification of the judicial system whereby the whole judicial power of the state shall be vested in one organization, of which all tribunals shall be branches or departments or divisions. In organizing the personnel of this unified judicial department, the cardinal idea should be to permit the entire judicial force of the commonwealth to be employed in the most effective manner possible upon the whole judicial business of the commonwealth, aiming to have specialist judges rather than specialized courts. Multiplication of tribunals is the first attempt of the law to meet the demand for specialization and division of labor. Yet it is at best a crude device. The need is for judges who are specialists in the class of causes with which they have to deal. This need may be met by specialized courts with specialized jurisdiction. But it may be met, also, by a unified court with specialist judges, to whom special classes of litigation are assigned. Undoubtedly much specialization is desirable and will be desirable increasingly in the future. But concurrent jurisdictions, jurisdictional lines between courts, with consequent litigation over the forum and venue at the expense of the merits, and judges who can do but one thing, no matter how little of that is to be done nor how much of something else, are not the way to provide therefor. Rather there should be specialized judges. As cases of a certain class become numerous and require that a specialist consider them, judges should be designated from the staff of the whole court for that purpose, and the causes should be assigned to such judges, in the one court in which all causes are entered, by some functionary whose duty it is to see that the judicial power of the commonwealth is fully utilized to the best advantage.

It has always been difficult for professional men to work on a régime of strict efficiency. Generally it is thought that the efficiency methods commonly used in business are not applicable to them. But as courts, lawyers, and judges have become more and more closely a part of our business and social systems, their purely professional character has become less pronounced, and efficiency and promptness have become more essential to win public respect. The importance of economy of time, money, and manpower is a truism in modern business organization, and the professional character of the lawyer and the judge is no

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longer accepted as an excuse for the lack of these considerations in court work. And this lack is a major cause of the present want of respect for the courts. In an industrial organization human power is used with economy. Individuals are assigned to the jobs for which they are best fitted. The public sees no reason why administrative methods which produce results in the telephone companies, for example, which are semi-public in their functions, are not equally well-suited for use in a court to prevent the waste of public money and the waste of time of witnesses, jurymen, and litigants sitting in courtrooms waiting for action.

IV

VIEWED BROADLY, modern study of the problems of court delay may be said to present these conclusions: (1) The trial of the ordinary cases, involving substantial amounts of, say, $1,000 and upwards, should not and need not be delayed more than three to six months, and an appeal in such a case not over three months. (2) There are few if any conditions in the preparation of cases for trial or in the trial itself that necessitate longer delay if either party desires prompt disposition of the case. (3) There should be in every urban community a court (not merely a conciliation bureau) in which the man with the small claim (say, $100 or less) may obtain a quick, non-technical, and inexpensive trial without the necessity of employing lawyers. (4) The most important causes of present delay are: first, the lack of efficient, businesslike administration of court work; and second, the rigidity of our court systems, preventing judges of one court from acting in another, in times of emergency. The prevailing idea that some courts are "superior" courts and some "inferior" is a mistaken one. Justice knows no graduations. Its priests should know no demarcation between the rich man and the poor — between the big case and the small.

The most recent investigation of the causes and cures of legal delay is that of the Committee on the Administration of Justice of the State of New York. Its report gives as the chief causes of delay lack of administrative control of court business and multiplicity of courts, each independent of all the others and each unable to supplement or aid the others in time of need. It declares that New York State need suffer no longer from judicial delay if it will make use of modern methods of handling court business. It points out that New York's Supreme Court (the court of general jurisdiction), although costing the State some $15,000,000 annually, has no head, no statewide control, and no official charged with supervision of its work. It recommends small claims courts in the cities to eliminate delay in the small suits and to relieve the lowest courts, in which there is great congestion. It urges the establishment of a Judicial Council — a body of judges, lawyers, and laymen — to watch the work of the courts and supervise improvements. It urges also that the vote of ten out of twelve jurors be made sufficient to render a verdict, except in capital cases, to reduce the number of trials that come to naught because the jury disagrees. It urges, too, that each party to a lawsuit be allowed to examine all witnesses immediately the case is put upon the calendar, because such examination reduces perjury by getting a record of the facts soon after the event, and because it reduces delay by resulting in settlement without trial in perhaps 50 per cent of the cases in which it is permitted. It urges, finally, the adoption of various emergency methods for doing away with the untried cases waiting on the calendars.

This is not the first report of its kind. The work of similar commissions has, in the past, been largely wasted. Governor Lehman has vigorously supported the work of the New York Commission, and it now seems likely that something will be accomplished. All of the major recommendations of the Commission were endorsed by the Governor in a special message to the Legislature delivered on March 7. He has consulted the Presiding Justices of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court who agree that co-operative action by the judiciary will overcome many of the present causes of delay. If the judges of the other courts will lend their support, and if the Legislature will enact the necessary laws, New York State may expect a real speeding up of justice with little or no added expense to the taxpayers.

Next Month Mr. Nims will discuss small-cause courts

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THE ARTIST BECOMES A CITIZEN

BY FORBES WATSON

THE PUBLIC WORKS of Art Project is a plan financed by the CWA and administered by the United States Treasury; it is designed to employ 2,500 unemployed artists and 500 laborers. To say that its inception has completely revolutionized the relationship of the artist to the community and of the community to the artist will sound to those who have not followed this unexpected governmental phenomenon like futile exaggeration. On December 8, when this uniquely American performance began, I should have laughed at myself for dreaming of such a thing. Yet in less than four months there have been born of this undertaking facts which support the assertion — facts which are only now being brought home to those in the thick of the work and which are not yet imagined by those outside of it. To appreciate their significance it is necessary first to survey the position of the artist before the New Deal took him under its expansive wing.

I am frequently asked about the permanent value of the Public Works of Art Project. People brush aside, as something they are accustomed to accept, the material assistance the Government is giving to its 2,500 artists. They go further. They admit that this striking undertaking is producing "interesting" results and, on occasion, artistic ones, perhaps of lasting value. But — they return again to ask — what will be the ultimate outcome? Is this measure temporary relief merely — to save these artists from distressing economic conditions? Is it an emergency measure which for four months, six months, a year will affect the financial welfare of a given number of individuals? Or is it designed to fulfill a more substantial destiny — possibly to advance in our country a new, more normal, and infinitely more genuine appreciation of the enriching powers of art? To the last two of these questions my answers are unhesitatingly in the affirmative.

II

LET US LOOK back a little, back to the last year of the boom, when everyone from the street cleaner to the bank president was gambling in the stock exchange with the disregard of reasonable values of a people living in a mad and hectic money dream. At that time the artificialities in the process of conveying the work of art from the isolated studio in which it was made to the home of the high spender in which it rested had reached the acme of their suave and complex mysteries. The age of publicity was indulging in its maddest climax. Art dealers' galleries sprang up in every block. New talents were pursued with the fervor of participants in a gold rush. The fortunes that had been made by the most popular members of the "School of Paris" were the constantly recurring topics of sidewalk and studio gossip, and every new-born dealer had dreams of discovering for himself another "important" man who could be quickly publicized into stardom. New oil fields or new artists — the only real difference in the promotional methods was that in the case of oil the purpose of the manipulators was more frankly stated.

What the speculators in art were doing was not the important factor as long as they confined their feverish activities to the profitable business of buying low and selling high. It was when the speculative fever in deliberately falsified values seeped into the studios and deflected the aims of the artists away from their natural goal and toward fashionable ends that poison was insidiously administered to art. People were talking about the tens of thousands of dollars rushing into the coffers of the well-promoted stars of the School of Paris, repeating their rapid productions with calm,

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if disillusioned, Gallic sagacity. They were talking in a spirit more envious than critical. They discussed the racing cars in which Derain was wont to disport himself, until one imagined that Derain had a vast private automobile-racing stable. There was more justice, even from the envious, when they discussed the fortune made by Picasso, for a fair proportion of this was accumulated through the purchase by Americans, at greatly exaggerated prices, of pictures which often the purchaser understood in no sense at all. He was paying such a high price for the fun of shocking the bourgeoisie that about all he succeeded in doing was to prove himself one of the same class.

The age of publicity and the age of speculation had together brought to its highest peak the age of snobbery. The artist was living in a dream of material profits unfit for the true development of his art. Too often he was not living like an artist; too often he was thinking like a stockbroker. Another intricacy in the unhealthy situation was the result of a confusion in the public mind which excluded from the market place all works that the half-initiated did not recognize as in the fashionable manner. The Rue la Boètie served the goddess of fashion quite as much as the Rue de la Paix, but when an American bought on the Rue de la Paix she at least "knew what she liked"; on the other street she and her man spent many thousands in the desperate if fuzzy hope that they were adding the correct stars to the badge of their modernity. "Modernism" had fallen to its final series of academic formulæ. Art had attracted to itself an army of highly refined and lively minded literati whose hearts were not involved but who wanted to pin art, like a ribbon, on their lapels as a sign of social honor and distinction. They played a kind of chess game of theories, excluding from recognition the work which they were unable to squeeze into the latest formula.

The situation which I have attempted to sketch was not solely the outgrowth of a particularly unbalanced and dishonest financial moment in our history. It was the inevitable result of a system, based upon speculation and the desire to reap unfair profits, which more or less simultaneously reached its climax in the great art-selling centers of the world. Toward these great centers — Paris, Berlin, London, New York — artists were attracted from afar. They were uprooted from their own communities. Around the groups of simple, natural, unaffected, and honest artists who under great disadvantages held to their own ideas, there whirled from capital to capital a mass of international vaudeville artists of painting and sculpture, each eager to be the outstanding star and to perform his own act aloof from and above his fellows.

The crash came, bringing with it a great deal of suffering and some purification. The suffering soon became too intense to bear. Purification was followed by creative numbness and despair among the artists. The Americans had the American market to themselves for the first time in many years, but the market was no longer functioning. There was no money to turn the wheels. Artists crawled back from Europe to seek a crumb at home. They moved from the cities and fortified themselves in the country, waiting for the crash mysteriously to reburgeon into a boom. Here and there popular present-day heroes of American art continued on an illusively sound financial basis, but the great herd faced oppressive realities with more courage than hope.

Such was the pretty picture when the United States Government made the astonishingly and utterly American gesture which created the office now operating under the title of the Public Works of Art Project.

III

This can be thought of as a relief or an employment project, or both. Its payroll has listed at one time as many as 2,532 artists. That the weekly wages being paid to the artists have been a material help goes without saying. But possibly only those administering the Project can realize what an immense creative stimulant to the American artist it has already been. It is very much the rule that the artists now working for the Government are doing better work than when they worked in isolation. An occasional slacker, with too little imagination to realize the significance of his part in the new deal in art, will of course appear. But on the whole the record of the artists employed through the Project is a thrilling reply to the Government's challenge.

If the Project brings relief, employment, and

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a stronger working desire to 2,500 or more artists for a period of months or years it will have accomplished something of at least temporary human value. If, however, the Project, having accomplished this much, steps out of the picture to leave the artists in the same artificial, snobbish, and unsound conditions in which it found them on December 8, 1933, it will have had but a momentary influence. The Government will have made a magnificent bargain, for already it has come into possession of a body of art which would sell in the open market for more than the money invested in its creators. But it will have done little else.

It happens, however, to be my belief (and this is a point in which I am far more interested than in any possible or actual temporary benefits) that the Project, in changing the artist into an active citizen of his own country, in undermining the snobbishness inherent in the erstwhile "star" system, in raising the artist once more to the "dignity of the artisan," and finally in bringing a whole new public into direct co-operation with him and thereby into a warmer and simpler understanding of his aims, is developing permanent possibilities for the growth of American art.

IV

On February 19, 20, and 21, the regional committee chairmen from the sixteen regions of the United States which the Project has established met in Washington to discuss what had been done in their sections and what were their plans for the future. Everyone who attended this three-day meeting must have become aware of the imminence of the change that is being wrought in the artist's social and financial existence. Equally, he would have been impressed by the change being wrought in the members of the committees directing the destinies of the Public Works of Art Project. At the opening meeting each of the sixteen regional chairmen gave a talk, sketching the situation in his particular district. In the majority of cases he concluded his remarks with the statement that no work he had ever done before had seemed so satisfying and worth while.

Broadly, what was the actual task in which he and his fellow committeemen had been engaged? They had first surveyed their regions to discover how many artists lived within its borders who would be classed by intelligent, cultivated people as worth-while painters, sculptors, and workers in other media. Although these committee members had all been for years especially interested in the subject of art, this was the first time that they had been brought into a close, co-operative contact with the artists of their community. In some of the smaller regions an actual studio-to-studio canvass was made: members of the committee called upon the artists in their homes and conferred with them. Even chairmen who, like William Milliken, Director of the Cleveland Museum of Art, had for many years concerned themselves seriously with the development of art in their own communities acknowledged that this new work had brought them into a far closer and mutually beneficial relationship with the artists.

In a word, the meeting of the regional committeemen supplied abundant evidence of two important facts: first, that the artist, moved from isolation and working in co-operation with other artists, working for a wage on which he could count, and, finally, working for his own people, is forgetting his hypersensitiveness and the painful egotism that the too-solitary so often develop; secondly, that the average citizen is gaining an interest in the artist and in his work which the old order could not possibly have fostered. These, I think, are the two most important developments that a project such as this can inspire. If they continue — that is to say, if the men and women alive to art maintain a closer social contact with the artists of their vicinity, and if the artists in turn are willing to work and live like decent, self-reliant artisans, rather than as prima donnas — the step forward which the Government has taken in inaugurating the Public Works of Art Project will result in the transformation of the productive basis for the American artist from a completely false and unsound position into a position of dignity and strength. Once established in such a social relationship with the world in which he lives, who can doubt that he and his art will become correspondingly broader and stronger? Such a result, I believe, will grow out of the understanding and sagacious attitude of the new deal in art.

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A CALENDAR OF CONTROVERSY

May, 1934

CAPITAL VS. LABOR

Paragraph 7(a)

IN THE past, recovery from depression has always been marked by labor troubles. In 1934 these troubles have been aggravated by varying interpretations of paragraph 7(a) of the NIRA, which requires employers to bargain

collectively with their employees. The A. F. of L. charges employers with invalidating this clause by herding employees into company unions, employer-dominated and impotent in collective bargaining. Employers point to enormous gains of the A. F. of L. in the past year and aver that the Administration has given Labor the breaks.

Outstanding disputes are:

1. *Weirton Case* — Ernest T. Weir, founder and Chairman of the Board of Weirton (W. Va.) Steel Company, refused to treat with A. F. of L. steel union. He declined to let the Labor Board conduct an election in his plant and carried his cause to the White House. The Labor Board called his hand and sent the case to the Attorney-General as an NRA violation.

2. *Automobile Industry* — The A. F. of L. has made strenuous efforts to organize the automobile plants, hitherto operated under the open-shop plan. The industry, a recovery leader, nearing production peak, as strenuously resists. When the A. F. of L. Automobile Workers' Union demanded 20-per-cent wage increase early in March the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, declaring that wages were 90 per cent of the '29 peak, nevertheless "recommended" that its members cut 10 per cent from a 40-hour week, increasing wages accordingly. (See President's NRA speech, next page.)

The Automobile Chamber said, "There is only one fundamental issue: whether the automobile industry is to be run by the A. F. of L."

Late in March a serious strike loomed. General Johnson took a hand; finally the President stepped in. On March 25 the strike was averted. The President issued a statement of principles which gave promise of minimizing further trouble. Representation is given to workers on collective-bargaining councils, whether or not they are affiliated with A. F. of L. Union. Employers are bound to deal with Union officials, but only concerning part of employee group affiliated with A. F. of L. Pay cuts and lay-offs will be apportioned to affiliated and non-affiliated groups in proportion to membership. The "human element" will govern lay-offs. Married men with families will get preference. The A. F. of L. formula is based strictly upon seniority. A special board of arbitration will have access to both payrolls and A. F. of L. roster to settle question of Union membership.

Most important, the President makes it clear that the Government favors neither company-union plan nor A. F. of L. "The Government's only duty is to secure absolute and uninfluenced freedom of choice without coercion, restraint, or intimidation from any source."

DECISION: *For Capital and Labor, a draw. For the President, great credit as a wise peacemaker.*

ROOSEVELT VS. LOBBIES

Powers and Pensions

AFTER weeks of debate, the U. S. Senate finally voted down the St. Lawrence Waterways Treaty. It was opposed by the power interests.

Fearful of approaching elections and pressed by the most insistent lobby Washington has seen for years, Congress passed the Independent Offices Bill over the President's veto. This restores most of the War Veterans' benefits, eliminated a year ago, and raises U. S. Government pay to previous level, thereby upsetting the economy program.

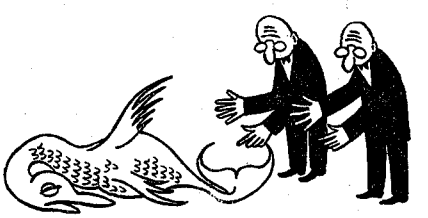
DECISION: *Deferred until Election Day, 1934.*

CORPSE VS. SCIENTISTS

What Thing?

ALL important American newspapers printed pictures of the partially decomposed corpse of a sea creature, cast ashore on the Normandy coast. Scientific tongues wagged.

Some said it was a whale; some, a seal.



Bolder spirits asked if Scotland's monster of Loch Ness had crossed the Channel. More sober opinion set the monster down as a shark, or at least a member of the shark family.

Such is the chief zo-ological controversy of 1934.

DECISION: *To the monster, which kept its own counsel.*

THE EXECUTIVE VS. THE CONGRESS

The Tariff

THE PRESIDENT has asked Congress for power to raise or lower tariff rates by not more than 50 per cent, that he may negotiate reciprocal trade agreements with foreign countries. Under the existing law he may make 50-per-cent adjustments, but only on recommendation of the Tariff Commission, after hearings. He may now negotiate trade treaties, but these require Senate ratification.

Opposition appeared on the Republican side of both Senate and House. Congress is loath to relinquish the political advantage incident to tariff-mongering. Representative Snell, Republican Floor Leader, looked on the bill with "amazement and dismay," said "it robs Congress of its power to impose and collect duties." Senator Borah declared that he would oppose any delegation of the Senate's treaty power. The President argues that "there is a constant shifting of trade channels. Every nation must be . . . in a position quickly to adjust its . . . tariffs to meet sudden changes."

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Help came unexpectedly from Chairman O'Brien (Republican), of the Tariff Commission, who would grant the President even wider powers than he asks. Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the A. F. of L. voiced Labor's dissent.

DECISION: *To the President. Any move that takes the tariff out of politics helps the country.*

STATE VS. ARMENTROUT
Benefit of Anonymity

THE writer of a letter signed, "One Who Believes in Honest Government; a Member of the House of Representatives," in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, intimated that the Speaker of the lower branch of the Kentucky Legislature was not above bribery. A committee of the outraged body demanded that Acting Editor Vance Armentrout supply the name of the writer. He refused. Haled before the committee, he again declined to betray his reader. He was jailed for an hour, then released on writ of *habeas corpus*. Later he was tried for contempt, found guilty, fined $25. The case will be carried further. The writer's name remains undisclosed.

The Kentucky Legislature has petitioned President Roosevelt for the recall of our Ambassador to the Court of St. James — Robert W. Bingham, absentee owner of the *Courier-Journal*.

DECISION: *To discreet Mr. Armentrout.*

GENERAL JOHNSON VS. KICKERS
The NRA

LIKE every good strategist, when General Hugh S. Johnson held his "kickers" field day in Washington, he attacked first. His opening salvo was a speech in which he submitted a 12-point program for correcting admitted flaws in the NRA program. Critics, partially disarmed, persisted. The most important complaints related to: (1) Lower wages under the NRA, (2) lack of code enforcement, (3) too-rapid rise of retail prices.

The General brought his heaviest artillery to bear upon 3,500 assembled code-authority representatives. President Roosevelt, opening the proceedings said, "The critic is unpatriotic who . . . is not constructive . . . because he attempts to destroy without suggesting a way to build up. . . . We must now consider immediate co-operation to secure increases in wages and shortening of hours. . . . Never again will we permit the social conditions which allowed the vast sections of our population to exist in an un-American way, which allowed maldistribution of wealth and power."

With one or two exceptions all of the 3,500 delegates were opposed to fewer hours, more pay, without price increases. Edward A. Filene (*See: March* FORUM) said they "were making a mistake." A Farm Equipment Code Authority member protested, "When your only customer is a farmer who cannot pay the increased prices under the Code, the only answer is not more employment, but less." Henry Ford said, "The only way to hire more men is to create more markets," and expressed his approval of the Roosevelt recovery program. He practiced what he preached by raising the minimum wage for his employees to $5 a day.

It was intimated that the President would, if necessary, impose a 10-percent cut in hours by executive order, making exemptions to avoid hardship.

DECISION: *Reserved. The end is not yet. Meanwhile business improvement continues.*

NEW DEALER VS. OLD GUARD
Political Economy

SECRETARY of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, in a pamphlet written for the Foreign Policy Association and the World Peace Foundation, predicts that the Administration will hold a middle course between nationalism and internationalism. Two current "nationalistic" activities of his Department: crop production control programs; proposed government purchase of farm land which would, carried to extreme limit, reduce agricultural production to domestic requirements. On the side of "internationalism" the Government has organized Export-Import Banks (George N. Peek, President) to aid trade with Russia, Cuba, and other countries.

John W. Davis, Democratic presidential nominee in 1924, offered the first dignified dissent from within Democratic ranks. The program offered, he says, "threatens that personal liberty which Americans hold most precious." Of planned economy in general he asks, "Who are the men . . . to rule over us? Who will sit in the driver's seat and hold the reins?" Republican Senator Fess (Ohio) warns it will soon be necessary to get a government permit to set a plow to soil.

DECISION: *None.*

DICKENS VS. U. F. S. AND RABBI
Our Lord

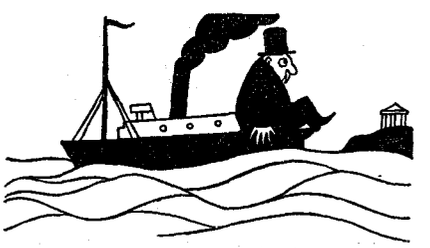
THE astute United Features Syndicate bought all American serial rights to the last unpublished work of Charles Dickens, sold them to the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* and 179 other papers. When Dickens wrote *The Life of Our Lord* for his children, eighty-five years ago, he gave instructions to withhold it from publication. His wishes were respected until the recent death of his sole surviving son.

Rabbi Louis I. Newman (New York) declared that "The unremitting emphasis on the morbid and unhappy end of Jesus on the cross has served to encourage hostility and hatred against the very people whose blood he bore in his veins. . . . Dickens' *Life of Our Lord* adds nothing to our knowledge of Jesus. . . . It adds nothing to Dickens' fame and, in fact, it tends to detract from it."

Dickens fans are somewhat piqued at the unedited spelling and punctuation (to be corrected in book form) of the newspaper version.

Some unreconstructed Fundamentalists dislike Dickens' rejection of the Immaculate Conception, a radical idea when he wrote. "His father's name was Joseph; His mother's name was Mary."

DECISION: *To Dickens. On the third day of serialization the* Post Dispatch *had 86,000 calls for back issues.*



SAM INSULL VS. FRUIT STORES
Expulsion

WHEN Secretary of State Hull tried to have Sam Insull extradited from Greece he did not even get to first base.

The Greek storekeepers of America (what town lacks its Greek fruit store, shoe shine parlor, or candy shop?) pestered the American Legion Post of Athens (six members) until it sent its Executive Committee to tell Premier Tsaldaris that Insull would have to go. Loss of good-will resulting from Insull's continued presence in Greece was hurting the fruit business. Greeks send money back home.

Insull left, and that was that.

DECISION: *Insull, "the man without a country," thrown for a loss.*

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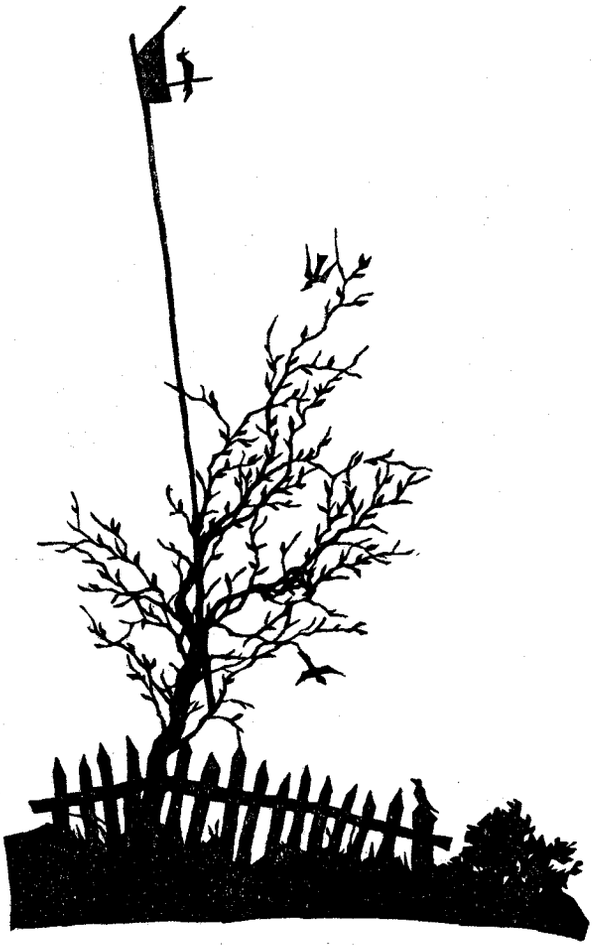

SPRINGTIME IN EUROPE

Three Scissor Cuts

BY ERNEST AUGUST POTUCZEK

Ernest August Potuczek, who is seventeen years old, lives with his family in the town of Brno, in Czechoslovakia. He is the son of a well-known academic painter and master of graphic arts, Professor August Potuczek, and is a grandson of a famous Moravian painter of historical scenes. Oddly enough, he can neither paint nor draw. His exceptional talent for cutting silhouettes began to develop when he was a child of three. Before he was thirteen his work had begun to appear in various magazines and newspapers throughout Europe. In all, nearly a thousand of his pictures have been published. Young Mr. Potuczek is intensely interested in the folk songs and legends of his native country and he has illustrated many of them. When he was sixteen his first book of scissor cuts was published — a farmers' book of rules about the weather. This was followed soon after by a pamphlet of bookplates he had made for his friends. Within the next few months this remarkable young man expects to graduate from the State Real School, where he is a student in high standing. It is his ambition to become an architect, and he is planning to carry on his studies at the polytechnical schools of his own town and at the master schools of Vienna and Munich. In reproducing these examples of Ernest Potuczek's work, The Forum feels that it is introducing to its readers an artist whose achievements at seventeen promise him a brilliant future.

Self-Caricature of the Artist

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THE MILK MESS

BY CHARLES H. MELISH

In our household the weekly milk bill comes to $4.47. We take in eleven quarts of "Vitamin D" milk, at 27 cents a quart, for two youngsters; seven quarts of "Grade A" pasteurized milk, at 15 cents, and three half pints of cereal cream, also at 15 cents, for three adults. Recently, in a fierce burst of domestic economy my wife stopped the cream. We have since come to regret the far-reaching effect of this act on the dairy industry. A couple of pounds of butter at 30-odd cents, a few hunks of cheese, and a can or two of evaporated milk for the cat bring our total weekly outlay for fluid milk and its by-products to something more than $5 — the largest single item in our food bill. (We live in a suburban town in the New York area.) If milk were something to take or leave alone there are many other ways in which we could spend $260 a year. But it has never occurred to us that milk is something to cut out of the food budget.

In the past year the newspapers have been full of reports about "milk wars" and "milk strikes," the most recent of which took place in Chicago, in January of this year. The Sunday supplements have frequently printed pictures of barricaded roads strewn with milk cans, of overturned trucks, and roadside ditches running deep in milk. There was one especially edifying action picture of a pitched battle in full swing. In the immediate foreground a state trooper was belting a farmer over the head with a blackjack. A nice pastoral scene, model 1933! Something in the spectacle of good milk deliberately wasted arouses the ire even of a citizenry hardened to the wholesale slaughter of brood sows — that picturesque measure of recovery which was one of the first official acts of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (the AAA). Of course the milk wars — so-called — arose from efforts on the part of certain local groups of determined farmers to shut off the supply of fluid milk until the city distributors were willing to increase wholesale prices. Almost without exception they failed of their purpose. In these days of modern refrigeration, milk can safely be shipped long distances, especially if it is pasteurized. Distributors with trouble on their hands were able to turn elsewhere for their supply. Perhaps this is the chief reason why the various state milk-control projects have not been especially successful from the dairy farmers' standpoint. No attempt to solve the milk problem can get very far unless it is undertaken on a nation-wide scale. In an exceedingly complex situation that is the one fact that is perfectly clear.

The Seventh Basic Farm Product

Recently I became sufficiently curious about milk to go down to Washington in order to find out what the AAA proposes to do about it.

Under the law creating the AAA, passed May 12, 1933, milk is one of the seven basic farm products. The problems attending the production control of the other six (wheat, cotton, tobacco, rice, corn, and hogs) seemed rather more pressing, and nothing much was done about milk until several months had passed. Under the Farm Act two things are possible: marketing agreements between producers and distributors can be undertaken, under license; or some form of production control may be set up, with a processing tax paid by the consumer.

As a first step, marketing agreements between producers of fluid milk and city distributors were arranged in several milksheds. The first agreement, that for the Chicago area, is typical. To each participating producer was allotted a quota, based on his previous record of production, and he was guaranteed

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$1.75 a hundred pounds for number one milk of 3.5 per cent butterfat content. This is the milk destined to reach the consumer in fluid form. The producers' price for number two milk, which is made into butter and cream and otherwise processed, was fixed at $1.25 a hundred pounds. Translated into the more familiar measure, these prices amount to about 3.7 cents and 2.7 cents a quart, respectively. The retail price of "special" whole milk was set at not less than 13 cents or more than 15 cents a quart, while ordinary bottled milk was pegged at 10 cents.

Before the end of the year the Chicago agreement blew up in a row. The retail price had been pegged too high, and the public did not co-operate. Independent producers and distributors chiseled in on the area with milk at lower prices. As a result the agreement could not be enforced, and the AAA terminated it at the request of the principal group of producers.

The AAA had approved all of the marketing agreements with considerable misgiving as to their probable efficacy. When preliminary negotiations were undertaken it quickly became evident that the distributors had the situation well in hand. Some of the co-operative leaders fell in line with the distributors and urged their arguments. The consumers were forgotten. Commenting upon these agreements, early in the present year, Secretary Henry A. Wallace, of the Department of Agriculture, said that the Department suspected that the distributors' profits were "fairly handsome" as things then stood, and the Department was "not inclined to raise the ante for them."

Big Business

Handsome indeed they appear in the light of investigations which have since been completed. Under the terms of the marketing agreements, AAA auditors made an examination of the distributors' books in four of the largest milksheds: Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, and Chicago. These distributors handle from 67 per cent to 90 per cent of the milk sold in their respective areas. For the five-year period ending December 31, 1933, it was discovered that the average profit on the net plant investment amounted to more than 25 per cent. In arriving at this figure, excessive salaries and bonuses to officers, and certain other items which confuse the issue, were eliminated by the government auditors. In 1930 the Philadelphia distributors, handling 85 per cent of all the milk sold in that area, cleaned up to the tune of 38 per cent. The five-year average for the Philadelphia milkshed was in excess of 30 per cent. In 1933 the St. Louis distributors earned only 7.26 per cent on their net plant investment. With this single exception no other group of distributors in any of these milksheds had a yield of less than 10 per cent on the net plant investment in any one of the five years under examination. This all goes to prove that there is money to be made in the business of distributing milk — even in depression years.

In fact the distribution of milk and other dairy products is Big Business. The two largest national distributors — National Dairy Products and the Borden Company — have continued to pay excellent dividends throughout the lean years. At the current rate, the combined dividend payment of the two companies is likely to be in excess of $15,000,000 for 1934. To the Federal Trade Commission these companies reported the 1933 stipends of their presidents as $108,000 and $100,000, respectively. In 1931 these same officers were paid $187,947 and $180,030. According to the Federal Trade Commission's report the average annual salary of the 22 principal executives of these two companies is $48,055. Just milkmen who made good in a big way!

Salaries, Profits, and Cows

Nathan Koenig, Assistant Chief of the Press Section of the Department of Agriculture, has calculated that the combined salaries of these 22 executives is equivalent to the milk bill for 28,965 children for a year, allowing each child a quart of milk a day. The average salary of one executive would pay the annual milk bill of 1,313 children. In both cases milk is figured at the retail price of 10 cents a quart.

Mr. Koenig also calls attention to the fact that, on the basis of 1932 statistics and prices for New York State, the annual salary of one executive of the two big milk companies is equal to the gross income of 75 dairy farms of average size. Since the average dairy farm in

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New York State had 10 milk cows, it appears that, at the prevailing wholesale price, the output of 750 cows was required to pay one of these gentlemen. To pay the salaries of the 22 executives it would take the gross income of 1,650 farms, with a total of 16,500 cows.

It might be interesting — although it is idle — to speculate as to how this year's indicated combined dividend of National Dairy Products and the Borden Company might be shared between stockholders and the dairy farmers who produce the milk from which the dividends flow. Suppose, for example, that only 50 per cent of the dividend were paid to the stockholders and the remaining 50 per cent — $7,500,000 — were paid to the producers as an increase in the wholesale price of milk. At the average wholesale price for number one milk last year, this amount would be sufficient to increase the wholesale price by 10 per cent on 2,500,000,000 quarts, or by 20 per cent on 1,250,000,000 quarts. It is not possible to say what proportion of the milk sold by National Dairy Products and Borden is represented by these fanciful figures, for neither company sees fit to reveal the amount of milk it handles. But even the smaller figure represents a lot of milk.

With the exception of the facts revealed to the AAA by the recent audit, very little detailed information is available as to the actual operations of the distributors of dairy products. A Congressional investigation of milk distribution in the District of Columbia, completed early this year, brought to light many evidences of monopolistic practices on the part of the distributors. Early in February, Representative H. P. Kopplemann, of Connecticut, introduced a resolution in the House directing the Federal Trade Commission to undertake an investigation with respect to the sale and distribution of milk and other dairy products throughout the United States. The preamble of the resolution states that "there is reason to believe that there exists a close tie between certain leaders of milk producers' co-operatives and milk distributors, which tie is unknown to milk producers and detrimental to their interests." In a recent address to dairy farmers in Wisconsin, Secretary Wallace hinted very broadly that he suspected that some such form of collusion might exist.

Overproduction?

Secretary Wallace has frequently argued that the present difficulty arises from the low state of consumer buying-power coupled with a temporary overproduction of milk. Obviously there is no overproduction in an absolute sense, for vast numbers of people in this country are not able to get the minimum amount of milk necessary to sustain health. But more milk is being produced than the dairymen can dispose of, except at distress prices. It would seem that milk is the last item of diet to be given up when hard times descend and that the consumption of dairy products would not vary greatly in good times or bad. Unfortunately that is not so; the consumption of dairy products follows closely the variations of the total factory payrolls for the entire United States. It seems a little absurd that milk should take on the economic attributes of a luxury product, but it does. Only a relatively small part of the milk produced reaches the market in fluid form. Seventy per cent of the dairy farmers sell their milk for processing into butter, cheese, and evaporated milk. People who, like my wife, stop three half pints of cream a week raise the devil with the dairy industry, for a pint of cereal cream is equal to about two quarts of milk, in terms of butterfat. When there is a surplus of fluid milk it must be salvaged by turning it into the more staple by-products. This, in turn, further depresses an already depressed butter market, with the result that 70 per cent of the dairying industry is affected. In fact this is just what has happened in the past few years. An enormous oversupply of butter has been built up. To relieve this situation the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation purchased over sixty million pounds of butter for free distribution to the unemployed, and for the time being, at least, this relieved the glut in the butter market. In view of these facts it is not strange that Secretary Wallace and the AAA officials do not regard the alleged inordinate profits of fluid-milk distributors as the first snake to be scotched. Their main job is to help the whole dairy industry, letting the consumer down as easily as they can.

After the failure of the first marketing agreements, a new policy was announced by

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the AAA in January. Revised agreements are being drawn up, based upon a broad plan of production control, the details of which are still being worked out. The new agreements will contain no retail price schedules. They will be made between the federal government and the producers. The distributors will operate under AAA licenses. The important points in the new policy are "emphasis upon efforts to secure better returns to producers on a more lasting basis; maintenance of a sound balance between fluid-milk prices and the prices of butter, cheese, and other dairy products; recognition of the fact that production control is essential to higher dairy prices; emphasis on local responsibility in the administration of marketing agreements, providing representation for all classes of distributors, groups of producers, and the general public, to assist in bringing about a sound milk situation for consuming centers."

The production-control program is intended to bring about a reduction of about 15 per cent in the production of milk and butterfat compared with the production of the previous year. Congress has been asked to appropriate $200,000,000 as a supplement to receipts from processing taxes for the relief of the beef — and dairy — cattle industries. Part of this will probably be used to finance a program of tuberculosis eradication. The fund will be used chiefly to advance payments to dairy farmers who participate in the control program, in anticipation of receipts from the processing tax.

Last year, when the first marketing agreements were set up, the dairy farmers did not want a production-control program, and it is apparent that there will be stubborn opposition to the present plan of the AAA. A few weeks ago some 124 members of the House of Representatives who hail from dairying districts met in Washington and gave voice to their unofficial disapproval. Representative Joe Eagle, of Texas, denounced the dairy program as "communistic" and inimical to the interests of producers and consumers alike. Dairy leaders have issued a manifesto in which they refuse to accept any plan involving production control unless they first have assurance that the land withdrawn from production of other basic commodities will not be used for dairying. (This restriction is now incorporated in AAA contracts.) They also demand prohibitive tariffs on all foreign fats and oils, and they want a confiscatory tax on the oleomargarine industry. Secretary Wallace considers these matters of minor importance in relation to the broad program for the whole dairy industry. He has told the dairy farmers that the success or failure of the present plan rests with them; if they will not co-operate, it cannot be enforced. After some months of discussion and experimentation it is the best the AAA has been able to devise. If the farmers prefer, says the Secretary, the Government will keep hands off, and they can wait for consumer purchasing power to rise. He predicts that the path of the dairy industry will be rough if the farmers choose that alternative. At the same time he admits that his program is, at best, a palliative. He insists that the farmers' problems will not be finally solved until the purchasing power of the whole country revives.

From the point of view of the consumer who must continue to buy while his purchasing power is still backfiring, the AAA program promises no reduction in price. In this direction the proposed survey of distributors' profits by the Federal Trade Commission is more hopeful. For no apparent reason, just one week after Mr. Kopplemann's resolution was introduced in the House, Borden announced a reduction in the price of its two highest-priced grades of milk.

A Milkshed Authority

The suggestion that the sale of fluid milk be regulated as a public utility has frequently been offered. It is reported that President Roosevelt recently proposed that public-utility control be tried in one milkshed. Whether or not the suggestion comes from the reputed source, it seems to be a good one, provided that it is undertaken as a supplement to a nation-wide program of production control.

To carry the same idea a step further, I propose that there be set up in a representative milkshed, as an experiment, a public body charged with the actual physical distribution of fluid milk. The Port of New York Authority, which has successfully built and operated

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several bridges and the Holland Vehicular Tunnel, seems to suggest a possible administrative framework. This Milkshed Authority would be a regional body, interstate in scope but not a creature of the federal government. Its success would be predicated upon its freedom from political influence and control. It would take over all distribution of fluid milk within the milkshed. Equipment might be rented or purchased from the existing distributors.

Working in close co-operation with the AAA, the Milkshed Authority would pay producers a price based on production cost, plus a profit. The price to the public would be this price, plus the actual cost of distribution. The retail price might very properly include the cost of an advertising program, the sole purpose of which would be to educate the public to the importance of milk as a food. An appropriation for purchase by the Milkshed Authority of surplus milk for distribution to institutions and for relief purposes might also be included in the retail price. Of course the retail price would be so fixed that the project would be self-supporting.

The New York State Milk Control Board has just issued a report of an investigation of the profits of thirty leading milk distributors in New York City, for the month of August, 1933. It is stated that these distributors sustained a loss of three tenths of a cent a quart distributed. At the same time Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, former City Health Commissioner under the Tammany régime, and now President of the New York-New Jersey Milk Institute, issued a statement lauding the public service of the distributors. If the report is accurate, the sooner a Milkshed Authority is set up in New York City, the better. Private dealers cannot be expected to operate at a loss for an indefinite period. Either the price to the producers will be further reduced, or the retail price will be increased. Failing either of these the distributors will have to go out of business. These findings for New York City distributors, in the month of August, 1933, do not check very well with the AAA audit of distributors' profits for a five-year period, in four widely separated cities. They are not borne out by the financial statements issued by National Dairy Products or the Borden Company.

I suggest that some of the business methods revealed in the "schedule of fair practices" attached to the first Chicago marketing agreement may, if they are employed in New York City, account for the alleged loss of three tenths of a cent a quart. Some of the practices cited are: special price inducements to favored customers; the payment of bribes and gratuities to hotel employees and janitors of apartment houses; furnishing free refrigerating equipment to customers; payment of commissions and bonuses to drivers for securing new customers. And of course every large city distributor must have a sizeable appropriation for competitive advertising in the local newspapers. All of this expensive monkey business is reflected in the price of milk. And in New York, in August, 1933, all except three tenths of a cent!

The Milkshed Authority would reduce the distribution of milk to its essentials. The expensive practices which attend the retailing of milk under the present system could be eliminated. Sanitary regulations could be more effectively enforced than they are now by the various municipal health authorities. As a result the public would get better milk for less money.

Even more important, the establishment of Milkshed Authorities would greatly simplify the administration and enforcement of the AAA program. The huge area to be covered would be broken down into its component parts, and the AAA would be relieved of responsibility for the consumer. The whole plan would have a better chance of success, and the hazard of a failure in the milk supply would be reduced accordingly.

Milk is far too important to public health to permit the present situation to continue any longer. We cannot try the patience of the dairy farmers forever, nor can we permit their inherent dislike of any suggestion of regimentation to upset a reasonable milk program. The distributors are entitled to a fair break, but they are not sufficiently important in the general scheme of things to be allowed to ride high, wide, and handsome over producers and public alike. Their business is too much fraught with the public interest.

Let us try that Milkshed Authority! And now let Representative Joe Eagle rise to shout "Communism!"

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WHAT PRICE EUROPE?

Traveling on the Roosevelt Dollar

BY W. D. CHRISTMAN

THE SMYTHE GIRL, back home in Mayfair Heights during the Easter vacation of her expensive finishing school, is starting a campaign to promote the idea of a trip to Europe this summer. Her first veiled suggestions go entirely unheeded. Then, choosing an expansive, after-dinner moment, when Mr. Smythe is amiably ensconced in his favorite chair, his nose in the evening newspaper, and while Mrs. Smythe is benign over her sewing, Miss Smythe puts the question baldly. At once Mr. Smythe's amiability vanishes. He grunts disdainfully and casts upon his daughter and his wife (whom he suspects of collusion) that look which the American male reserves for females incapable of understanding the simplest business truths. The fact is that Mr. Smythe's eye has just scanned the headline: "AMERICANS FLEE HIGH-PRICED EUROPE."

At about the same time, Mr. Jones, big Wall Street broker, who spent the summers of 1928, 1929, and 1930 traveling in Europe, finds spring fever and the prosperity of the moment inspiring him to thoughts of the coming summer. He recalls with indulgent pleasure the music halls of London, the cabarets of Paris, Vienna, Budapest. He estimates his bank balance in complacent fashion and falls to reading the foreign-exchange column of the morning newspaper. And suddenly a frown displaces his smile. Impossible, he concludes.

Yet while these experts in high finance are denouncing a European vacation as "impossible," crowds of schoolteachers — who are proverbially shrewd buyers of travel — are calmly paying their 25 per cent down on conducted or independent trips to Europe; young people, office workers, honeymooners, to whom high finance is a dry and distant subject, are doing likewise. What is more, they have no qualms about it. They are buying tours at a fixed price which their own shopping proves to be reasonable. They pay what they pay, in dollars, and that is all they pay; so why should they let questions of foreign exchange complicate a simple issue?

The actual passage to Europe does not play an important part in decisions of this sort. True, it is a major item, and rates have gone up about 10 per cent above last year. But compared with 1926, the year now being taken as "normal," first-class minimum rates are 20 per cent lower, with much greater reductions in the higher-priced accommodations. And cabin and tourist classes have been so vastly enlarged and improved that they are quite beyond comparison with anything offered for the price in 1926.

II

AS TO THE cost of a European junket, then, who is right — Mr. Smythe of Mayfair Heights and Mr. Jones of Wall Street, or Miss Hemingway, the schoolteacher from Blackberry Center?

Neither is completely right or wrong, of course. Each of these types of travelers sees only one of the two main influences on the price of foreign travel for Americans this year — the one influence pushing the price up, the other pushing it down. The influence pushing prices up is obviously the rise in exchange rates. The influence pushing prices down arises from the fact that almost all the "travel structure" of Europe is based upon the American trade,

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and that all of the people concerned therewith must keep their prices within reach of American travelers if they are to continue to make a living. This does not mean, however, that these dealers in travel must keep their prices down for those Americans permanently residing abroad, who have adjusted themselves to the European scale and who often are living on meager dollar-incomes. That is what Mr. Smythe failed to understand when he read his newspaper headline. Europeans would make concessions for Mr. Smythe's tourist business — not for the business of the American resident.

In actual practice, from the point of view of a person considering a trip to Europe this summer, how do these two influences work out? The following table shows present quotations in relation to the quotations of last year, to the established par of a 100-cent dollar, and to the theoretical par of the present 59.06-cent dollar:

	Gold par	*Rate year ago*	*Theo. par at 59¢*	*Quotation Mar. 10*
Austria	.14	.14	.23	.18
Belgium	.14	.14	.23	.23
France	.039	.039	.066	.065
Germany	.24	.237	.403	.397
Great Britain	4.86	3.40	8.24	5.08
Holland	.40	.40	.68	.67
Italy	.052	.051	.09	.085
Norway	.268	.178	.453	.255
Spain	.193	.084	.326	.136
Sweden	.268	.185	.453	.262
Switzerland	.193	.197	.326	.323
Russia	.514	.514	.871	.873

It will be noted at once that despite the devaluation of the dollar the currencies of Norway, Sweden, and Spain still stand below the gold par for a 100-cent dollar; that Great Britain is very slightly above this normal 100-cent gold par; that Austria is not far above it. On the other hand, the countries which most stoutly defend the classic gold standard are immediately noticeable because their present currencies stand at, or very near, the theoretical par for a 59-cent dollar. They are: Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, and Russia.

Roughly, then, we see all of Central Europe, Italy, and Russia standing out as a gold-standard bloc, with only Austria a little weaker than the rest. Contrasting — with almost normal rates of exchange — are the British Isles and the Scandinavian and Spanish peninsulas.

Gauged by this first analysis the natural tendency of the traveler would be to restrict his European travel to the countries in the latter category — those with normal exchange rates. And undoubtedly Great Britain, the Northlands, and Spain will profit considerably by this situation.

But the average American tourist is not satisfied with thus limiting himself to particular sections. He wants a "tour"; and by that he means a circuit, by any of various routes, that includes the British Isles and all the major continental countries. Does the gold standard raise for him insuperable barriers at the frontiers he wants most to cross?

III

HERE is where the second, the price-lowering influence, mentioned above, comes into play. This central-European bloc has in the past many years built up elaborate facilities for the tourist traffic, and that means decidedly the American tourist traffic. Thousands of taxpaying citizens of these nations depend almost solely upon this business for their livelihood. Furthermore, the governments themselves are concerned, not only indirectly through taxes, but directly through government-owned railroads, government-owned or subsidized steamship lines and air-lines. Gold standard or no gold standard, these governments and these individuals find themselves facing the necessity of keeping prices within the reach of the American tourist.

Naturally this price adjustment is not achieved entirely or all at once. But it is already being accomplished in its broad outlines in many gold-standard countries, so that to-day the traveler can cross their frontiers and, barring exceptional purchases or needs, continue living and traveling on his accustomed scale without experiencing any excessive drain on his resources. In Russia there is no doubt of this, for the official government tourist agency quotes the same prices *in dollars* that it quoted last year. In many Atlantic and Mediterranean resorts where luxury and lavish spending have been usual, the cost to-day is even less than it has been in many years. Thus the manager of a great tourist firm on returning

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from an inspection tour of Europe announces that in such places as Cannes and Biarritz first-class hotels offer *en pension* arrangements that bring the cost of living down to $5 a day, including room with bath and all meals. Similarly the announced rates for the best hotels in Rome, Vienna, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, and Berlin figure at present rates of exchange to an average of $7.50 for a double room with bath. To compare that with the rates of the most exclusive hotels in New York and Chicago is to realize at once that the premium of more than 60 per cent on the gold-standard currencies of these countries has been almost entirely canceled by a corresponding reduction in prices. This is even more apparent in medium-class travel: room, meals, and tips in comfortable hotels in all European cities average less than $4 a day.

Nor does this apply only to living costs. Costs of travel have likewise been reduced. In the case of railways the rates have in many cases been lowered by governmental decree, especially for American tourists: 30 per cent on a special circular ticket for a minimum stay of 7 days in Switzerland; 50 per cent for tourists staying a minimum of 6 days in Italy; 25 per cent in Germany, with 33⅓ per cent off wherever the route includes Oberammergau; 50 per cent on round-trip tickets from the Austrian border to Austrian summer resorts, with still further reductions on family tickets. And because the cost of rail travel in all these countries has been comparatively low ever since the war, with these new reductions the premium on the exchange rates for currencies is again practically canceled as regards the actual cost to the traveler. Thus on still another special circular ticket a tourist can cover all of Italy from the Alps to Sicily and back in comfortable second class for a total cost of $65.

Naturally, such incidental forms of transportation as are used by the general public — taxicabs for example — will have suffered the full appreciation of the exchange rates. But anyone who has marveled at the cheap taxi fares of the Continent will realize that even in these minor items Europe will not compare unfavorably with our own standards. In such items as private motor-car hire we find again the situation where the plain law of supply and demand will lower the rate to a reasonable level; for this business depends upon American tourists.

IV

This, then, is the general situation in the gold-standard countries of the Continent. In addition, and tending to make even more acute the necessity of reducing prices, is what might be called the international competition for the American tourist trade. Great Britain, for example, with its pound sterling scarcely 3 per cent above the normal par of a 100-cent dollar, would like to derive every possible advantage from that situation. Great Britain is using every means to induce Americans to make theirs British, rather than all-European, vacations. Not content with the currency advantage, Britain has also announced a general 25-per-cent reduction in circular point-to-point rail trips and a 50-per-cent reduction in one-month round-trip tickets between any two points. Thus one can travel from London to Edinburgh, visit the Trossachs and the Rob Roy country, and return to London via the West Coast and the Shakespeare district at a fare of $17 for the 800-mile trip. As to living costs, a week's stay in a first-class hotel at a British summer resort costs approximately $28. Undoubtedly, the other non-gold-standard countries — Norway, Sweden, and Spain — of touristic Europe will not be slow, either, in proclaiming their advantages to tourists and thereby compelling further reductions in their gold-standard neighbors who are competing for this same lucrative American tourist business.

Europe, then, *can* be visited this year — pleasantly, economically by all valid standards. Mr. Smythe and Mr. Jones need have no more qualms than Miss Hemingway. But one more word of advice to these gentlemen is perhaps in order. This is a year to plan ahead, to keep one's eyes open. If a tourist, for example, rushes through Italy in 5 days instead of 6 he will pay just twice as much for his railroad fare. If he wants to visit Oberammergau he should announce it the first time he has occasion to purchase any railroad mileage in Germany; it means 33⅓ per cent off. That sort of thing is true all over Europe this year. There are many tricks in the trade, and the Smythes and Joneses should know them at the start.

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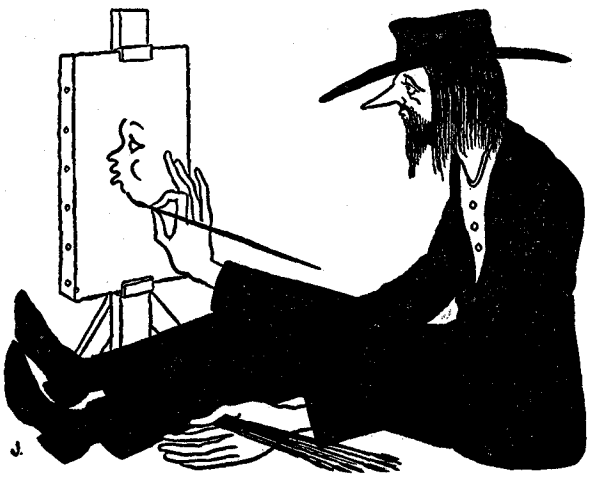
THE BOHEMIAN CAPTIVITY

Greenwich Village — Burial Ground of the Arts

BY THOMAS F. HEALY



IN SPEAKING of Greenwich Village one may revert to the old witticism that it is not so much a locality as it is a state of mind. Above the mere principle of place it stands for a theory and propagates an attitude toward life that may be summed up in the word Bohemianism. It has to-day, thanks to the depression, more disciples than ever, and it still draws through Washington Square Arch its quota of the youth of the land, most of them lured hither by rumors of its glamour and gaiety, all heirs to the traditional misconception, yet prevalent in the hinterland, that the Village is the proving ground of the imaginative arts in America. It is more of a burial ground than anything else.

Some indeed come, as the writer himself came ten years ago, in the hope of finding here a fellowship bound in the inward unity of genuine artistic ideals, a nucleus of creative souls forging new swords of light on the traditional anvil to wield against a drab and dark world. They are soon disillusioned. For quite the contrary, the Village is a place of disparate small groups, of precious little arty cliques and æsthetic cults, mutually jealous and exclusive of one another, endlessly frittering away their energies from morning to night in talk about Art (*sic*), to whom Bohemianism, instead of being a dubious stage in the artist's career, has now come to mean a virtual way of life, a world, an end in itself.

THE FERTILE GERM

THE VILLAGE is at once the fountainhead and apotheosis of the Bohemian spirit in art in America. It began as an American Latin Quarter, for Bohemianism here was an offshoot of the French brand, which was itself the mass degradation of the minority movement inaugurated by the French Romantics in 1830 against official tyranny in government and art. Great men of the Continent backed that movement to uphold the standards of intellectual aristocracy. One could scarcely call them Bohemians, using the word in the current connotation to which it has been degraded. But every movement draws in its wake undesirable apostles who by stretching the "revolutionary" idea to extremes break the bounds of historical necessity. Like most of the other human movements this one, too, got out of hand and resulted in chaos.

One cannot discuss Bohemianism without mentioning Henri Murger's book, *Scènes de la Vie de Bohême*, the unfortunate publication of which came hard on the heels of the Romantic Movement. It was a most readable novel, romanticizing the lives of certain lesser artists of the Quarter and extolling the *grisette* for her willingness to share the struggling artist's bed and board. Widely read and acclaimed, it brought a new generation, *hoi polloi* of art, to Paris, besides swelling the rabble of similar movements in England and America. This was the novel that prompted Whistler, who said he "loved the book," to don stranger clothes than ever, to become Bohemian, and to live in a garret in "poverty" (though he received an allowance of $350 a year, then in France a princely sum).

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Many of the more genuine artists, however, had the intelligence to see the new spirit in its germ. They protested against it but in vain. The movement grew, and they disassociated themselves from it.

Murger's book was a blow at art. Of course beneath any extraneous phenomenon the movement was bound to come, in that it was a revolt of the human spirit against the deification of work; that is, against the purely economic type of work, devoid of any nobility in its own nature and deriving its only dignity from the necessity it served — work of a merely quantitative character gauged by hours and money. It was crushing the old poetic individual life to leave no place of esteem for the anti-economic types of endeavor as those of artistic creation or heroism or holiness. It was the full triumph of the Reformation man, who first peered with crooked eyes over the world from the oozy soil of the Netherlands, to reach in America his highest stature and to nail life to the barn door of merely practical virtue. The three words of light on his lips were, "Time is money" — to-day the magic nostrum of America.

It was against this spirit that the great artists ranged themselves, against what was to them the triumph of "middle-classiness" and its uninspired outlook on life. They were men like Ibsen, Goethe, Byron, Nietzsche, and Dostoyevsky. But likewise did the hordes of incompetents who joined the movement and flocked to the artistic centers of their respective countries assume this attitude of hauteur towards the bourgeoisie, and the majority of them, having no gifts of work to substantiate their superiority, made a cult of their hauteur — the smaller the fry the more vehement and obvious the protest. So Bohemianism came to burgeoning and came generally to be accepted as a prerequisite in every artistic career. Thousands mistaking fancies for vocations jumped on the band wagon and went in for Art in a big way. Barren of any definitive artistic beliefs, they affected eccentricities and, devoid of moral courage, they sidestepped the onus of the hard, heroic toils in which genuine men labor. The whole content of the Bohemian philosophy came to mean unconventionality, and Art became the alibi for all manner of crazy conceits and outlandish idiosyncrasies. At first this sort of artist was regarded as a purely psychological type, but he remains to-day the socially predominant type in Bohemia — the disheveled dilettante.

Spread of the Plague

Bohemianism began at once to defile those national bents deepened by the emotions of the race and conducive to authentic works; it turned them to anti-social channels. Like patriotism itself it became in many cases the final refuge of scoundrels and wastrels. However, these could not in Europe wholly destroy the lofty lineage of art and ancient genealogy of culture. The great tradition remained, and, if begrimed with the many hands of knaves and dolts, it still served to guide the true artist to genuine endeavor. In America the tragedy was deeper because she was cut off from Europe; she had no formed or well-defined autochthonous tradition of her own or, rather, had not yet come to be so consciously sensible of it that it inspired or molded her art forms. Then there was the Puritan who had cast out the rich pageantry of church and state and lived in a world whose beauty was but an entanglement about his feet, who tried to shape the age to his image. There were no hymns to love and beauty in his religion, which destroyed the final vestiges of the happy paganism preserved in Europe by Catholicity as essential to the artistic expression of a free people.

Attempts at American art were therefore in most cases grafted on the French stem, and the result was an emasculated art, a thing of fads and whimsies lacking in any real essence or native purport, an art that was neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring. One may still see some specimens of this at a rather well-known artists' exhibit held annually at a New York hotel. Virtually all of the pictures displayed come from Greenwich Village. Some of them are good, but the majority are worthless and trivial with small excuse for being shown. But good and bad are placed side by side and thrust at a gaping, idolatrous public in that manner. There is evident no attempt to rank creations in their proper order of merit, and there seems to be no norm of criticism. There is a complete lack of the assessive faculty which guards the objective hierarchy of values.

The same may be said of the literature

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hatched in Bohemia. Like painting it is "self-expression," but it expresses nothing but the unreality of the lives of the writers. A Bohemian is at present engaged in compiling out of the depths of his being (or non-being) a book which incidentally will be without any punctuation marks and in which many of the words will be written upside down. He belongs to a club which in meeting for luncheon every week begins the meal with the dessert and eats backwards to the soup. This is not even new, for one of Modgliani's cronies in Paris went in for the same stunt. It is from such sources, however, that originality in Art springs in this Bohemia. It is indeed original in the pathological sense, like the bearded lady in the Broadway side show, but it has no value. This striving for "newness" in Art in Bohemia has in most cases meant a complete annihilation of the artistic heritage and a perversion of all normal artistic instincts. The peril lies in the possibility of opening the door to every sort of freak; and the biggest fool, given a good press agent, might well become our favorite artist or author.

The World War served but to spread the Bohemian plague in America. Its spiritual shock brought another hosting of incompetents from the discontented and disrupted hinterland. On top of this came Prohibition, which brought the Village to a new ascendancy — the chief reason being its excessive proportion of the cheaper sort of speakeasies. It was the custom for a clique of artists to patronize one speakeasy, because their presence drew the more conventional patronage, and the proprietor recognized their drawing power with free drinks. Then with a full house a rendition of *Cynara* or the like was always good for several drinks of bad gin or *grappa*, purchased for the artists by the bourgeoisie, whom they despised. Bohemia became the mecca for droves of out-of-town visitors, come to see "Greenwitch Village" and to supplicate baubles of beauty with their bad booze. Paul Morand, the French critic, who did the Village in one night, summed it up in his book, *New York:*

> Everything's fake in Greenwich Village — fake cabarets, fake newspaper men, fake poverty, fake genius. "Olde Tyme Innes" and peasant arts sprout at every street corner. A few dancing places, frequented pretty late at night, have an air of being disreputable which they do not justify. In the recesses of the cottage-cabarets, over which a liquid gilt has been smeared to give them an air of antiquity, people get clandestine bottles of California Chianti, and only a college freshman out for the night imagines it to be wine. The Village is false.

In such sordid dives the majority of Village artists hold forth and, having no recognized voice in paint or print, they talk and declaim about Art. That is their way of life. Art in this Bohemia is a social inspiration and infers social gatherings or as a better word has it, contact. The artist in America must have it as well as the salesman, it seems. On the face of it there is common sense in the meetings of artists to advise and encourage one another, but if these run into a ceaseless café chattering about Art, that is another matter, especially as regards the belief that it helps to inspire other art — all this, be it understood, in frowzy dumps whose atmospheres pollute any decent creative sensibilities.

Most of the Village artists live their days through an endless array of futile arguments offered in vanity and arrogance and they become consequently persons of no deliberate thought at all. Some of them still borrow the bad habits of other Bohemians, of such as Wilde and Whistler; some even take on nervous disorders or chronic illnesses as a further aid and alibi for the displays of temperament that have come to be associated with the artist in Bohemia. The late Marcel Proust made this sort of thing popular; and to belong to the *cognoscenti* here it was for some years necessary to have read all his dreary length of novels. There are also the "artistic and philosophical suicides" which occur here, mostly however via the plebeian gas route; and in some cases death indeed seems a kinder alternative than the moronia to which impotence in Bohemia usually leads. Of course the mistress cult still prevails here. Many women remain avid to emulate Kiki or Modgliani's mistress, the Kidney Bean, and it is curious how in so many cases they fall for the weakest types of artists, who find it easier to go about with them to drink and talk about Art than to work. It must be admitted that most of these women are not great catches by any means, and they usually get left in the end. Cohabitation remains the most futile of the French fallacies transplanted here; it never has given anything to art.

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Even the serious artist stands a good chance of being contaminated with this Bohemian spirit, and many have been known of that sort, who came here to work only finally to contract the toxin, succumb to the cultus, and lose their identity by remaining here. Bohemia is built on human frailty, and the odds are rather heavy against the average youth who enters it, because he usually adopts its psychology. It forms also a convenient channel for indolence and the pursuit of pleasure under guise of Art. And it has since the War particularly become the haven for an influx of misfits, who form part of the Village picture to-day and whose activities may be followed with more immunity in Bohemia than elsewhere.

The Dreadful Infection

A writer recently commended the Village for its "spirit of youth and *joie de vivre*." That is a surface view. It is a spirit which allows no growth or advancement toward maturity; and one finds its *joie de vivre* to be but a shoddy mask over sadness and defeat. One may expect an artistic colony to hold a certain youthful devil-may-care and happy-go-lucky attitude toward life, and the true artist has a gaiety that enables him to face hardships in good heart and to meet the vicissitudes of life without dishonor. The joys of the Village leave small room for such an attitude. The scores upon scores of meetings and roisterings held here nightly are primarily the means for escaping the terrors of loneliness and the drab monotony of artistic lives as they are ordered here. For in truth Bohemianism has transformed these children of Art into stereotypes more uniformly dismal than the bourgeoisie themselves; there is perhaps more hope for the intellectual regeneration of the latter.

The hosts of artists in the American Bohemia comprise mostly trivial persons. According to the editor of one of the Village journals, "about 3,000 artists (painters) and 2,500 writers live here, the majority of whom are working under all sorts of conditions." It is a cause for wonder why no great art has sprung from all this activity. What is produced seems in large part to be a boundless spilth of rather capricious and idiotic creations, loud with all the volubility of the uninspired. Incidentally, several journals have been of late founded in the Village, and more are in process of being established to become the media for these creations; but excepting one or two magazines little of the matter produced in these papers holds any objective value, though all of it is added fuel for the Bohemian pestilence. One may frequently find in them articles and stories marked with incoherent nastiness and pictures in bad sense and bad taste. The latest fashion in artistic circles here derives its inspiration from the anti-capitalist propaganda evoked by the depression. Many artists are going communist and are trying to create that nameless horror called "proletarian art."

One hears much of the liberty of Bohemia. The Villager prides himself on his freedom; he boasts of it as one willing to die for his ideals in that respect. One sees no sign of such freedom in his works. The trouble is that the so-called freedom of Bohemianism has made its disciples the prisoners instead of the guardians of art, the helots of a hideous kingdom raised on the ruins of the great tradition of art. If artistic expression springs from a free, creative act of the spirit, the least it might infer in the artist is mental health, moral conduct, and a constant inward source of stimulus — none of which is held in any too great repute in the Village, because the Village still stresses its peculiar exemption from the orthodox canons of moral or religious restriction.

If any defense may be made for the artist as he lives in Bohemia to-day, it might run like this: It is false whether in praise or blame to isolate the Village from the country which recruits it and from which it receives the elements of whatever art it may be said to produce. Some artists claim that it is difficult to be greatly roused to imaginative activity in the United States to-day — difficult to be inspired by the spectacle of a national life daily yielding its freedom to ever-new and petty elaboration, organization, and mechanism; a national life ever shifting and on the run somewhere; a national life in which labor has made the business of men's lives a virtual desecration and furrowed their faces with the trivia of a false toil. What can the artist find in this sort of superficial existence, where the center of life seems transferred, misplaced to its periphery; where indeed the organic, hierarchical order of life itself seems destroyed? Must it come to the

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question of how to save at all the innocence of good art in such a scene of expedient purposes; of systematic education, statistics, and rhetoric; of specialized activities; of temporary interests; and of current events? Will our will to wealth and well-being wipe out our will to genius? Under the ægis of the pleb will America become impervious to art? How may the artist mold a meaning from such a scene? How reforge the splendors and the everlasting loyalties? He finds no substantiation of the soul in the trivial and temporary which hem him in and encompass him around, imposed by an artificial life and by passing fads and orders. He is confounded by the external and declamatory voices raised about him that they may create gadgets and newspapers and tour-books — voices which are wholly destructive of the nobility of emotion that should be associated with the scenery and events of this native land, the thing that is America. Is American art expressing that "thing" called America to-day? A Frost may create a New England province; a Sandburg a Chicago dream; a Lewis a camera study of a hotel magnate — stray surface flashes to serve the current need. We await our Shakespeare, our Dante, our Goethe to define the loyalty that is America. There is no sense in the fatal alibi of our youth; it was years back that Oscar Wilde commented on America's "profession of youthfulness as one of her oldest traditions." The meaning of a country is found only in the depths of the mind, though one is given much to doubt that America has any meaning, when beneath her social, her economic, her psychological, and even her so-called ethical phenomena one looks in vain for any sign or symbol of an intellectual direction or spiritual significance for mankind.

Life for Art's Sake

And though he is better off materially, the artist in America to-day is in sorrier case than his brother in Europe. If he heeds not the soothing, sirupy call of Hollywood and likewise refuses to be hired in the machine shops of commercial art, he too readily turns to Bohemia as the only place left him. There in a place apart he dreams but does not create. Art has for him now lost its social function; he is cut off. Unwilling to bear burdens that are not his or to kotow to the orders of servile lips, he sits aloof with his kind in contemplative indolence, playing with fragile and unsubstantial things. He has forgotten the best way out under the circumstances — to stay in Keokuk, where despite the billboards he would find some natural beauties close to his heart where men have not yet gone.

Thus the artist's life in Bohemia like the lives of most of his compatriots in business runs out as merely an external activity, a cerebral functioning; to such extent does the pressure of the world without affect him. He gets a set of painting tools or of writing materials and becomes an American creative machine. Some evidence of this was seen recently when in opening offices to register the unemployed the Civil Works Administration was virtually stampeded by droves of Village artists applying for work in painting posters and the like for the Government. All of them were willing to be hired by the state in tasks inaugurated and directed by the state; all were eager to join the raucous chorus the state has in its pay. "Made work" for Bohemia! One could not help feeling there was a time before the era of our official art and stock-exchange values when such a spectacle would have drawn forth immortal scorn.

Bohemia somehow will go on producing Art, but it will continue to mold little to offer to American civilization. What great art can flourish in a colony or center composed in the main of persons each flaunting his own brand of particular soullessness? The revolt against the deification of work has here resulted in the opposite extreme, the deification of Art — not art for art's sake but life itself for Art's sake. Life of course constantly refuses such a separation, a heresy, but the Village Bohemian does not realize it. He continues with his cliques and cults all moving in their own little eddies, lost in their own labyrinths, wandering in blind alleys, all going round in the same spot.

The frivolities of Bohemia are substituted to cover up the void of artistic incompetency, for even in the Village nature abhors a vacuum. And yet the great majority of artists here remain supreme egotists; they will loudly protest that they are artists and merit a place in the band wagon of art, as if to insist they were not born to be plowhands or toilet-goods salesmen. They lack utterly the humility of the true art-

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ist. One like Æschylus, who said he but served crumbs from the banquet of Homer, would have no place in this Bohemia. And day by day their vocations become less and less inevitable; they soon begin to play at art which is now no longer a vital function but an insincere gesture, arty faking.

They pound out compositions — nonsensical distortions of the messy, self-pitying type — that have no reason for existence outside that of "self-expression," shouting their little griefs and grudges. In paint they daub over filched styles and bootless theories, covered with the cast of their own unreality and based on the purely spurious abstractions of art begot by Dadaism and surrealism. They discuss Gertrude Stein. In a number of cases their creations are exhibited and marketed by incompetents themselves, who, having failed at creating, have gone in for directing and managing the latent talent of Bohemia in little schools they have set up. One might imagine that from their poverty (and the majority are poor) would spring something genuine. But they remain just poor people who have evoked from their penury no mood or meaning or philosophy of life. They seem to have no definitive program, no goal, no ideal toward which to function; they have no vision, and for all they seem to be able to do about it the people can perish. Many would indeed like to be "great artists"; one hears the wish in their talk but does not see it in their works, and it certainly has never entered their prayers or lighted them through the holy dark of any beautiful or bitter reverie or serious contemplation.

One does not include those few artists who, though living in Bohemia, remain aloof from all this, nor those who, if they have entered it, have left it in time to escape its virus. They may not be up with the latest fashion in Art in Bohemia, but among them are real workers. They are not as modernistic perhaps as most of the Village artists, but theirs is the more serious duty of what may be modern art — the forging of something genuine out of the essential life of their own times. Not having succumbed to the Bohemian cultus, they are able to uphold the standards of true art while throwing out certain inherited styles and systems of expression and discarding accretions that formed detritus on the clear, running stream of the tradition. They are the real apostles of modern art. The tragedy remains, however: Bohemia has come to be regarded as the sort of place, and Bohemianism as the sort of life that must now hand out Art to the rest of the country, that must command obeisance from so much of our youth that comes here to be burnt out before it produces anything; it has come to be thought that any possible mark of merit must first be pulped through the mills of Bohemia into a nameless grist for our appreciation. And for this situation our critics are as much to blame as our artists.

The Stage of Senile Decay

Yet youth continues to come here, to join these ranks of the doomed and abandoned apostles of Art. In fine it is still very much the fashion to be of the "lost" in Bohemia, and many artists here even to this late day regard themselves as the élite of the "lost generation," which blamed on the World War its attitude of disillusion. Whatever may be said of that generation outside Bohemia (and the whole spectacle of the spread of such a false attitude toward life appalls one) one is inclined to feel that the artists here at one of the great crises in human history played false to their vocations and to the artistic mission deposited in their keeping. They are now paying the penalty imposed in retribution for such dereliction of duty. Life has left them flat; they have lost the artistic will; the Muses have forsaken them. To Bohemia they fled and under its glamour they sought to hide from their destiny.

The future of America's Bohemia looks worse to-day than ever. Besides the influx of youth there is also a disemboguing of many commercial people, salesmen, and traders who have lost their jobs or have been wiped out because of the depression. Many of these are also going in for "self-expression": to "sculpt," to paint, to write, as well as to augment the plague of poets already abounding here — all to enlist in the Bohemian army of the Great Misunderstood.

Meanwhile Greenwich Village has long outlived its era of running American art into the ditch. It remains far and away the stalest joke in the national scene. It is America's greatest challenge to common sense.

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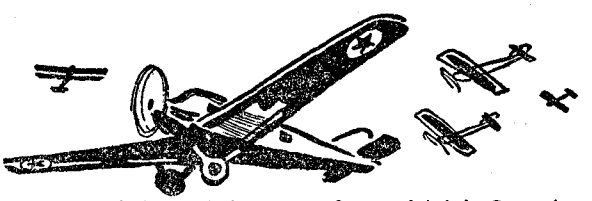
A WEST-POINTER LOOKS AT RUSSIA

BY CHARLES W. THAYER



Drawings from Soviet schoolbooks *Courtesy of Amkniga Corporation*

"RUSSIA IS and has been collapsed for the past fifteen years," the retired colonel had told me not long ago. "Those Russians are mad; they don't know what they're doing or what they want to do."

His words came back to me suddenly as the decrepit old Russian plane ("her last trip," the pilot had told me comfortingly as we left Koenigsberg) struck Soviet soil and bounced back high into the air, followed by brown tongues of muddy water. The third leak in the radiator during our two-day journey from Koenigsberg had once more covered the windshield with dirt so that the pilot was unable to see a thing. Eventually we settled down and taxied up to a dilapidated wooden shack — Leningrad's airdrome. For one or two minutes I wondered if the colonel hadn't been right after all.

LENINGRAD AND TARKHOFKA

LENINGRAD — huge, columned public buildings, great squares where one can still feel the presence of those angry mobs of February and November, 1917. Rainy, muddy, drab perhaps, but still aristocratic, aloof, and proud.

In the hands of our guides, the city was spread before us and interpreted: "That is the former palace of Prince ——. It used to house one family; now fifty families live in it comfortably. . . . Those are the new workers' quarters. Over there you can see the old wooden shacks they used to live in. Now each family has three rooms and a bath. . . . This was formerly a church; now it is a public library."

In desperation we slipped away from our guides and, seated in a third-class railway carriage, rode out into the country. A little boy, black with dirt, his ragged clothes tied about him with bits of string, shuffled into the car and for ten minutes wailed forth an endless, and to us, meaningless ballad. When he had finished, all the occupants of the car, peasants hidden behind heaps of bags, boxes, and milk pails, dug down into their pockets and from small leather bags drew out coppers. With a polite, businesslike "spasibo" the beggar went on his way. A moment later the same tune was to be heard from the next car. . . .

Tarkhofka is a little town on the Finnish Bay, opposite the Kronstadt Forts, formerly a favorite summer resort for wealthy St. Petersburgers, now the year-round resort of deserving workers from Leningrad who may come and spend a few days in one of the three large "Rest Homes," reading, gossiping, or tramping about the muddy lanes, watching the trains from Leningrad to Finland pass down the center street. Nearby is a large pine forest, planted, it is said, by Peter the First for lumber for his fleets. Bearded peasants chop and saw and sing and drive their clumsy carts back and forth from the railroad to the forest.

We had gone to look for the former home of now-exiled Russians. With the aid of a map we soon found it and boldly pounded on the door. Though footsteps inside warned us the house was not empty, no one paid us any attention. We walked in. Not ten feet from the door a boy was repairing the floor. He grunted some unintelligible Russian and went on with his work. Apparently foreigners might make themselves at home at their pleasure. Guides would have been glad to point out that this house, formerly occupied by one family, is now the home of four.

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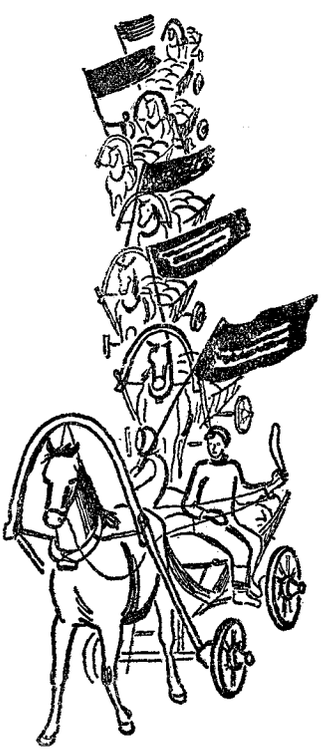
Back in Leningrad, welcomed by our guides like prodigal sons, sheltered, pampered, guided, and guarded, we went the rounds: tour of the city, opera, Anti-Religious Museum, Hermitage, workers' district, innumerable Parks of Culture. "Here the workers come in their free time to read and listen to lectures and music."

Again and again we found culture being fed to the workers. At first, we skeptically put it down as so much nonsense. After several months we began to realize our error. Someone asked the guide, "But what do the workers do for amusement?" The guide drew himself up like a schoolboy making his first Lincoln's Birthday speech. We knew what was coming. "Well you see we Russians are hungry for knowledge, we want to learn, to acquire technique, to master science, and so when we have a free moment we go to . . ." A voice from the back of the tourist crowd: "Oh yeah! To the Park of Culture for a lecture I suppose!" The guide pointed to a church — "built by Czar Nicholas the First in honor of his favorite mistress." The wit pricked up his ears and forgot his joke.

Window-Shopping in Moscow

Moscow — snowy, bitterly cold. Small buildings, pale blue, yellow, pink. Church spires with gilded domes. Wide streets with columns of overloaded street cars, a few government cars and trucks, and speeding tourist Lincolns. The Kremlin, with its great, white walls sits like a giant ruffled hen watching its bustling brood below.

The shops when we arrived seemed practically empty — the window displays consisting of busts of Lenin or photographs of Stalin. Within a month the windows had already begun to change, and within two a large proportion were filled with displays of merchandise — Soviet silks, shoes, pots and pans, dolls, furs, canned foods. To-day there is not too much difference between the windows of the largest Moscow department store and a Fifth Avenue shop. The clientele in number and quality, however, is quite different. A line stretching out into the streets indicates the tremendous demand for goods, though it is quite probable that about fifty per cent of the prospective customers are turned away by the still-high prices. They come from miles around to stand in the line (Russia's favorite pastime), peer at expensive clothes, buy perhaps a bar of scented soap, and return happy to their villages. . . .



A Soviet Trolley Ride

Free from our guides at last. Out of the Lincoln and into the tram — Moscow's greatest experience. Three and a half million now live where formerly were only about one million. The houses are overcrowded; the sidewalks are overcrowded — but the trams! They come three at a time, stop before a little group of cold, shivering people, facing down the line gloomily looking for their numbers, like cattle facing away from the rain. The tram windows are opaque from the thick coat of frost inside. On each pane one small hole thawed out by the breath of some curious passenger is the only means of telling the occupants where they are going.

Inside, confusion complete. Little notices tacked to the walls announce "places for twenty people," yet seldom are there less than sixty or seventy — and always room for one more. Kicking, pushing, shoving, swearing, laughing; some, books held over their heads, are reading — not an exciting novel of battle, murder or sudden death, but calculus, an electrical engineering text, or a German grammar. Stresses and strains, watts and amperes, differentials and integrals compete successfully with the kicking, elbowing, shouts: "Are you getting out at Hunter's Row?" "Please pass this money — two for ten kopecks." "Whose is this fifteen-kopeck ticket?" "Citizeness, if you aren't getting out at Kropotkinsky Gate, for the devil's sake let me pass!" "Comrade, I was in this seat first."

From the conductress: "Please, citizens, get your tickets and pass further into the car. You,

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Comrade in green, you haven't bought a ticket."

"I have too! I just dropped it. What do you think you are doing calling a Comrade a thief — go to the devil!"

"I'm calling no one a thief. I'm just doing my job. And don't tell the conductress to go to the devil!"

Someone asks the fare to Theatre Square. The conductress replies: "This is my first trip, I don't know the fares. You'll have to ask some passenger who knows." Turning to a row at the entrance, she screams: "Please, Comrades, put that drunk out on the street. . . . Is everyone out up there at the other end?" Without waiting for a reply she pulls the cord, and the car sails on while those wishing to get off hurl themselves at the door, throwing everyone in their path onto the street.

A peasant woman carrying two large bags tied over her shoulder, protruding fore and aft like the bow and stern of a ship, steadies herself by resting her hand against the wall, thereby placing her elbow full in the face of a townswoman seated below her. The latter asks mildly: "Please, Citizeness, move your arm." The peasant merely smiles. The townswoman, a little annoyed, again asks: "Please, Comrade, take your elbow out of my face." The peasant smiles: "Go to the devil."

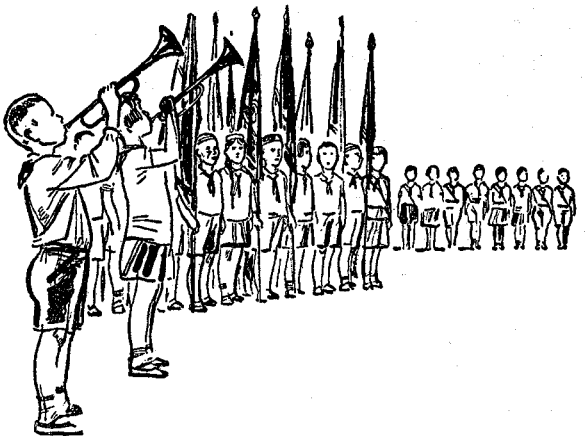
"Take your dirty elbow out of here."

"It's no dirtier than your dirty mouth."

The townswoman knocks the offending arm from the wall, and the peasant falls with a crash of flying milk pails into the other's lap. Silently, with her eyes turned away, the townswoman pummels the peasant, while the latter, not so proud and looking where she is striking lands a heavy blow in the townswoman's face. Separated by other passengers, the two turn to cursing each other: "Go back to the country where you belong you dirty — peasant." "I'm going as fast as I can — where it's healthy — where you damn townspeople are afraid to come. If you didn't treat us like cattle perhaps we'd be able to clean our clothes for your stupid trams." The peasant is eventually ejected, the passengers laugh, and the tram finally quiets down. . . .

Soviet Education

At school, at the theater, on every street poster, at their clubs and meetings, every-



where, the children are taught politics, politics, the misery of the capitalist world, and the glorious mission of the Soviet Union to save the workers of the world. One might suppose that the schools and educational system were a huge factory for bomb-throwing revolutionists, but after talking to older students who have gone through the educational process it is obvious that the methods used with the younger ones are to teach them why they must work, why they must suffer though they live in a workers' paradise, teach them also to understand and obey the injunctions of the Party. The older students are gradually led to a more accurate, and less antagonistic point of view. A twenty-year-old Komsomol told me what he thought, as we skated hand in hand around one of the huge rinks in the Moscow Park of Culture and Rest. "We educated people know that every country has its own laws and its own point of view. The Pioneers, for instance, think that the Boy Scouts are their deadly enemies, but we know that the Boy Scouts are not a political organization — there is nothing very much wrong with them. You just think differently now. In fifty years, you won't be able to tell the difference between Russia and America — we are gradually growing more alike, physically and sociologically."

Of the many ways of spreading the Communist doctrine among the younger children, perhaps one of the most effective is the Children's Theater. In Moscow alone there are three or four. Children go either alone or in groups from school — entirely voluntarily. Tickets are very cheap, and when a group goes, the school pays half the price. At one theater, a well-known children's play, *Brother*,

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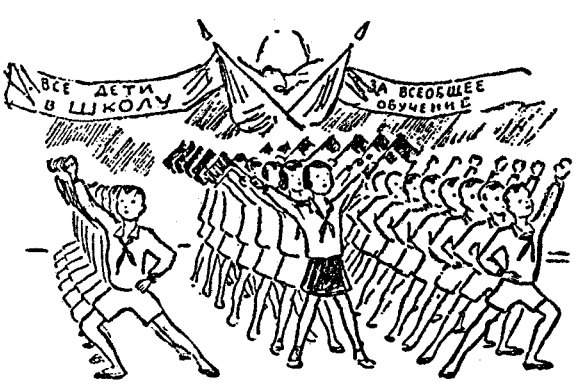
was being performed. Only about two hundred were present — because it was just before the October celebrations and each school was busy getting ready for its own private celebration. Ordinarily, the directress told me, the theater is full — about eight hundred or a thousand children. The play, typical propaganda, was about twin brothers, one a Komsomol living with his mother in Moscow, the other a White emigrant living with his father in properly displayed misery in Paris. By some great misfortune the Komsomol is duped, and the White brother takes his place in Moscow with intentions of overthrowing the entire Dictatorship of the Proletariat. Just in the nick of time does the young Komsomol, to the resounding cheers of the young audience, arrive on the scene to save the Union.

The actors, all graduated from special schools of drama, are of the usual high quality only to be found in Moscow. The staging is effective; the plays humorous and simple, divided into categories suitable for various groups from five to fifteen. *Brother* was classified as mature — for children from thirteen to fifteen. Order in the theater during the entire four hours of the play was extraordinary. About seven or eight teachers, with the aid of one or two theater attendants, handled the two hundred children without the slightest trouble. Between acts the audience went through a physical culture drill, led by an assistant directress, which effectively took the kinks out of their legs and kept them quiet as mice during the performance.

A little boy — twelve years old — found the foreigner sitting beside him very exciting but extremely ignorant when it came to speaking Russian. Immediately the Pioneer thought of the method used at school when something was not up to standard. He challenged me to "social competition," in which my part was to learn to speak the language as well as the actors within three months. He in his turn was required to arrange for my visit to his school. Social competition is generally used throughout all student and workers' groups to improve the quality and quantity of work. In schools the usual form is to challenge a poor student to get better marks — and the challenger is in turn challenged to help the challenged. Often when bookworms are not doing their share of social work they are challenged to increase that work at the expense of their studies. Among laborers the usual form is for one shift to challenge another to lay more bricks, excavate more of the subway, or mine more coal.

Though my theater friend had failed to announce my coming, I was welcomed, as visiting royalty might be anywhere but in Russia, on the occasion of the school's October Celebration. Elected by the Komsomol commanding the Pioneers of the school to the præsidium, then required to make a short speech in Russian, I nervously watched the proceedings from the platform. We heard eight political speeches, including an organized cheering period very much like an Army-Navy football game but whose object, instead of a touchdown was the victory of socialism, the freeing of the working classes, and the defeat of capitalism. The machine gun, the heavy artillery, the cavalry charge all played their parts with appropriate noises. Following the speeches, the thousand children went to the dining room for their holiday dinner: stew, potatoes, honeydew melon, and cake. After dinner we watched an exhibition of dancing, a ballet representing the Dneiproistroi, mass singing, mass drilling, and national dances by little individuals not fourteen years old, who performed with complete self-possession.

During the entire afternoon children surrounded me, pouring forth question after question: "What do the unemployed eat?" "Are you a Boy Scout?" adding ferociously, "It's a good thing you aren't. We Pioneers would shoot you!" "What do American teachers do when the children misbehave or don't know their lessons?" The answer that they were scolded was completely unsatisfactory. "Oh no! They are whipped with great long switches, and not given anything to eat.



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Our teachers never whip us — they only explain to us why we must work better, and if we don't, then they write to our parents." "Do the children in your schools have hot meals? We do and we pay only ten roubles a month; and if our parents can't afford it, then we get it free."

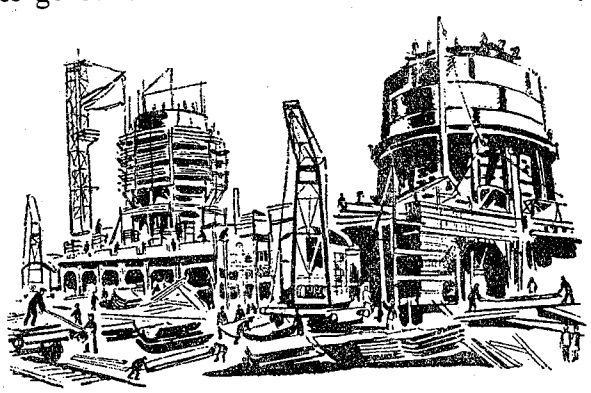
Pride in the newly established kitchen was evinced by everyone from the school director to the smallest child. An inspection proved it to be very clean according to Russian standards and far more orderly than one might suppose, though flies like the Egyptian locust plague droned through the room.

When the celebration broke up, the children had not yet finished all their questions. We went home surrounded by a group asking about workers' pay, unemployment figures, when the revolution was coming, what the children ate, whether the cellars they lived in were completely dark.

Among the children as among the parents, though not in so great a proportion, opinion is not wholly unanimous. Recently at a school meeting, a speaker was emphasizing the leveling of classes in Russia. From the back of the room a young voice shouted, "Oh yeah! What about Torgsin?" (In Torgsin shops people may sell their diamonds and gold, acquired previous to the Revolution, and in exchange buy the best to be had in Russia to-day.)

The Desire to Excel

Foreigners visiting Russia are invariably impressed with the energy and desire to learn evinced by everyone. Not long after my arrival, my gray-bearded waiter, apologizing for bringing in the breakfast tray early, explained that to-day was school day and he had to go off to class in a few minutes. In many cases such zeal may be prompted by the recognition of the fact that only by knowledge can one better one's lot to-day; here, as nowhere else, to know means to live better and eat more. Among younger people there is very obviously more than personal gain to be had from the textbook. Envy of more advanced peoples, more advanced industrial systems, shame in their own backwardness urges them to study.



The Kremlin leaders have been ingenious in their methods of extracting more work from workers, more studying from students. The title of "Udarnik," or shock-worker, is given to good workers, students, teachers; premiums are awarded on pay day; photographs of exemplary workers are exhibited in papers, in schoolrooms, on public billboards, and just recently they have begun to appear even in the trams. Theater tickets are rewards for extra rivets driven. "Subotniks" of voluntary free-labor competitions between groups are organized on free days. On the first free day following recognition of the Soviet Union by America, a general Subotnik was declared for students and workers "to show the strength and solidarity of the working class." They loaded freight cars, dug potatoes, helped at subway constructions for several hours of their usually free day. Naturally Subotniks and other forms of socialist competition are not too popular among certain groups, as for example when on the day of the Subotnik following recognition a friend of mine had planned to go to the public baths with me. (The bath was postponed six days while the working class showed its solidarity.) Yet among the enthusiastic younger workers, the results are said to be extraordinarily good. When people can be made to work like mad, and like it, can anyone offer criticism?

Morality and Marriage

A girl phoned to say she must break an engagement with me — she had to go to the clinic. No, she wasn't ill, but a boy friend had asked her to go with him as he was to have a Wasserman test. She had never believed him about his state of health, so he wanted her to see the report. Nothing extraordinary about it — quite matter of fact. . . .

A Party member was explaining a passage of

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Bukharin's *Historic Materialism*. A pretty girl came into the room and was introduced by my host as "my former wife." Later he explained he had divorced this wife two years before but at present his rooms were being repaired and for the past two months he had been living in her apartment. "I have another wife now. She hasn't an apartment either, but we'll soon be living together. . . ."

A girl explained that her husband, a foreign attaché, was stranded in Warsaw while his visa was being held up for some reason. I remarked that she must be of great help pushing things at the Foreign Office. "Oh no. You see we are 'bez boomashki' — they wouldn't pay any attention to me." ("Bez boomashki" literally means "without the little slip of paper," actually, "unregistered.") Though most marriages are registered, this paperless status is very common and not at all disapproved of. . . .

A young man, twenty-one, explained to me: "The only thing we think is immoral or wrong is this business of professional prostitutes. If the girl doesn't take money, then it's just a question of whether she wants to live with you or not — there is nothing dishonorable about it — only if you fail to support her in case there is a baby, then you get in trouble."

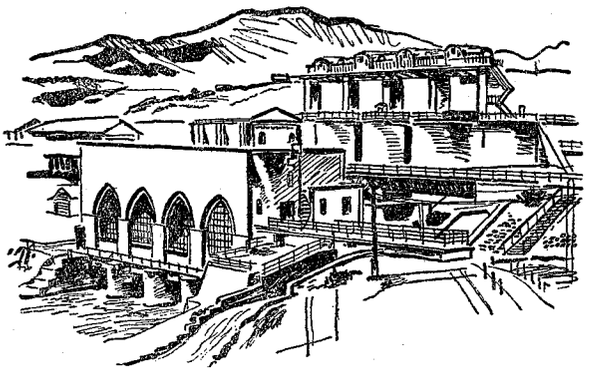
Thus with "bez boomashki" marriage, complete annihilation of older ideas of sexual life, sex immorality is effectively abolished in Russia. For certainly if no one thinks one is doing wrong, if the very conception of morality is destroyed, if all sexual life is quite open, then certainly there can be no immorality, or for that matter, morality.

The Fear of Foreigners

Secrecy, suspicion, and various degrees of terrorism are nothing new to Russia. Since the earliest times she has had her Chekas, her exilings, her isolation of foreigners, her browbeating of the population for the accomplishment of some grand scheme.

Tales have been told me by foreigners living here of how their rooms have been raided two and three times, how they have been stopped on the street, and their pocketbooks examined.

Among certain elements of the population there is a distinct fear of being seen with foreigners, a fear born, perhaps, of a half



guilty conscience. Many a Russian has refused to go to a big public restaurant or dance hall with me, though occasional visits to small restaurants, or in private houses is quite all right. One friend asked if I had any connection with the newly established embassy, adding that if I did, please not to call him on the telephone or invite him to the house any more. Many others have indicated more or less the same attitude, though they say that since relations between the United States and Russia are now so friendly, Americans are least of all to be feared. With nationals of some countries they wouldn't be seen dead. Asked what specifically they are afraid of, they reply with a shake of the head, an "I don't know — just something disagreeable might happen." The fear is not pure imagination. The "something disagreeable" may take several forms — perhaps mere watching, perhaps the "minus 6" (exile from the six largest cities in the Union), perhaps a trip to the cold countries.

This fear of foreigners is, as I have said, prevalent among only a certain element. Communists, Komsomols, workers in good standing are only too glad to meet and talk with foreigners.

To an American this fear may seem extraordinary, but it is nothing new to the Russians. The motives which move the authorities to incite such fear are not imaginary. The present government is doubtless fully aware that it is not the most popular in the world, and takes measures, to some of us apparently childishly unreasonable, to protect itself against any and all. Furthermore, it is well aware that the Soviet Union is not a homogeneous mass of Communists. Remnants of the former bourgeoisie, of the former landowners, of the priests give and get no sympathy of the Soviet government. They are bitter, and some-

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times even fear cannot suppress their curses. "There will be a monarchist restoration within five years," one told me. "We cannot go on much longer. They have taken everything from us. We cannot stand our suffering." Another with a Machiavellian smile whispered, "If only Japan would declare war on us, something might happen." What that something was he did not have to say.

One hears such talk seldom, because of fear and because the remnant, still unable to acclimatize itself, is small and growing smaller every day — almost insignificant from the point of view of military hazard in time of emergency. Among the peasants one can always hear complaining, but complaint has been the major characteristic of the Russian peasantry since time began.

Military Encounters

Secrecy and suspicion are especially prevalent in connection with the military. On the Red Square during the October Celebration, I casually counted the number of tanks passing by to settle an argument I had had. A rough hand suddenly grabbed me by the shoulder, and a class-conscious proletarian brusquely demanded why I was counting. He delivered a withering denunciation, in which he told me how many millions of tanks were in the armories and how foolish it was to try to estimate the strength of the Russian army by counting tanks in the Red Square. I agreed with him so thoroughly that he calmed down.

Several hours after this encounter, the military part of the parade was over and the workers in thousands were passing through the Square. Curious of their number I again counted the breadth of the column, the speed, etc. A young military cadet standing beside me, anxious to show his good military training, helped estimate the speed. As I took out my pencil to figure the results, an officer followed by two soldiers raced up to me, snatched away my notebook, and seized the cadet. For a moment visions of a firing squad for us both loomed before me. Only after a long interview, in which the guards nearby were carefully examined, was my notebook returned and the cadet released with orders to watch the parade from another part of the stand.

What one does see of the Russian Army is impressive. The members of the army are not called "soldiers," but "Red Army Men," to distinguish them, as one patriot explained to me, from the bourgeois soldiery who are not trained in the proper sociological aspects of war, who go to war, not to fight for humanity, but simply to further the interests of their capitalist masters. Red Army Men are doubtless the finest looking part of the population one sees in the streets — and one sees them extraordinarily often. They are always well-dressed, clean, shaven, military in their appearance, with exceptionally straight carriage, far more intelligent-looking than the average civilian, and invariably polite and unassuming in public — in distinct contrast to the average civilian. They are usually quite young; the officers appear to be, on the average, in the early thirties.

The Mad Desire to Rise

Russia is a strange, confusing country, impossible to understand with its paradoxes in every phase of life — brilliant and yet ignorant, cultured and yet uncouth, hospitable and yet absurdly suspicious, realistic and yet idealistically ambitious. The retired colonel might well visit the Soviet Union and go home to tell his fellow officers at the club, more convinced than ever, that Russia is and has been collapsed these past fifteen years. The visiting Communist doubtless returns home, just as convinced, to say that Russia's experiment is the greatest salvation the world has seen. To me, Russia often gives the impression of a huge animal, for centuries asleep in some marshy forest, now possessed with a mad desire to rise. It lashes out, tears its body to shreds against the brambles and undergrowth with which it is covered. It literally sweats blood, and yet it is slowly rising — will it reach its feet before its strength is spent?

It knows its own failings only too well. Daily, the press is full of the most damning self-criticism. It fully realizes it is backward, ignorant, in many ways wholly uncivilized, yet it is trying mightily, working like mad. It meets victories with loud rejoicing, defeats with silence, and repeats over and over to itself: "We will reach our goal. We will overtake and surpass industrial America. We will build a socialist state."

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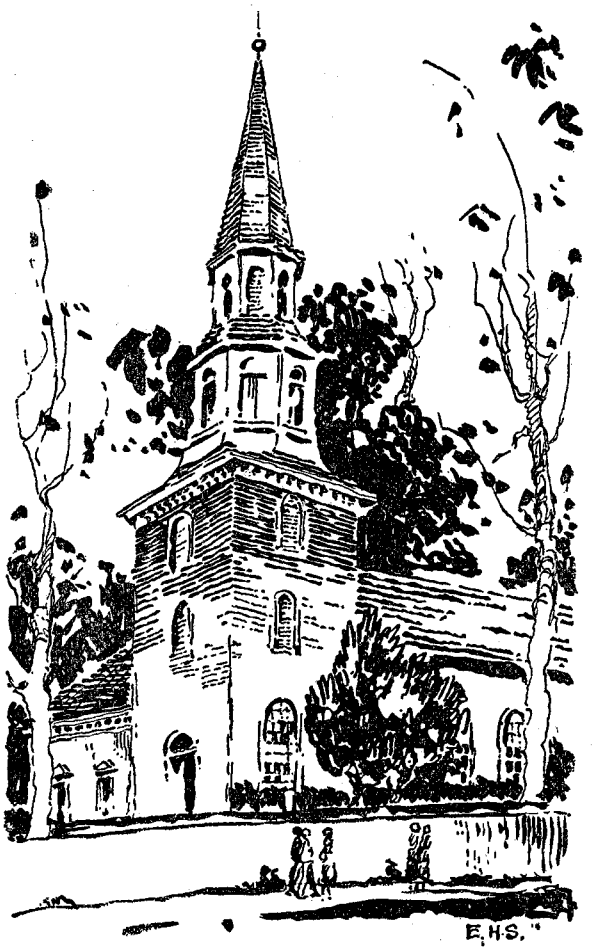
THE RELIGION OF A COUNTRYMAN

BY J. McBRIDE DABBS



In the South February begins the year. Winter may linger in overcast skies, in blustering wind and cold rain, but there's spring in the teams and plows, turning under the brown stalks in crumbling waves of black and gray. They pass with a jingle of chains and a creak of leather, and the hair stands ruffled along the mules' sides where the sweat has dried. Here and there brush fires are burning. The flames leap red against the golden broom sedge and the green pines; and the gray smoke, drifting on the wind, spices the air with the pungent odor of spring. The Judas trees are rosy by the edges of the woods, and far down under the horizon, closing a perspective of fields, the wild plum lies drifted against the pines.

These are the fields of faith. Unlike October's harvest fields or the green fields of June, the fields of February speak only of things unseen. Though the seed is still in the barn, the plowman, filled with faith in the soil, in the sun and rain, sees already the harvest. He should go forth with singing; he does go forth with prayer. And though no angelus rings sweetly across these fields at evening, there is worship in the teams turning homeward, and from many brush fires the smoke of sacrifice ascends. At such moments men are better than they know.

As, indeed, they often are. Ask a man his religion, and he tells you his church. Ask him if he prays, and he says hardly ever. Yet all the time his daily life may be worship and prayer. The scene above suggests, I think, the essence of a countryman's religion; at least, the essence of my religion, and I am a countryman. And it is because I believe that I am to a degree representative that I attempt to describe this religion here. Certain of my religious attitudes are, of course, the result of my parents' characters and teachings and probably would have been the same if I had been brought up in the city. But in the main I think I feel as I do because I was brought up in the country and received my parents' teachings under the forms of farm life and under the continual influence of nature. My religion is, then, etymologically at least, a pagan religion — a religion of the country. As such, it is concerned with actions, habits, and attitudes — not with creeds; and though perhaps somewhat conservative — like country life — it is also in the true sense radical, dependent directly upon the root of life, the earth. But it has never heard of either Funda-

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mentalism or Modernism. I am interested here, not in discussing my religion in the conventional sense, but in determining the religious significance of certain of my habits and attitudes.

II

I HAVE WONDERED whether I should even call it a religion. But I think I should. For, growing out of the experiences of my boyhood (when nature was a constant presence, man an infrequent one), it consists of a complex of attitudes directed largely toward nature, only slightly toward man. Nature alone is not, of course, the universe; and it is our relation to the universe that may be called our religion. But our relation to nature seems more apt than our relation to man to foster the religious attitude. For men are petty, human like ourselves; nature is grand and mysterious. We speak of a man's being alone with God. It is easier to be alone with God in nature than among men. If for no other reason, then, than that a considerable part of my life was and is concerned, not with horizontal and equal relations with men, but with vertical and unequal relations with nature, I think I may truthfully speak of my religion.

I am strengthened in this opinion when I remember that Schleiermacher attributes "the essence of the religious sense to the immediate and simple feeling of dependency." For if farming does not teach a man dependence, nothing will. Dependence, too, not upon another man or group of men, such as a business or a corporation which controls one's fate (but which, being composed of men like oneself, may be successfully resisted or at least may be hated), but upon nature, resistless and dispassionate. This feeling must have been born in me in some early summer, in May, when I saw my father gazing anxiously out across the yellow oat fields at the rising clouds and finally watching in silence the torrent of wind and rain beat down the crop; or in some early autumn, in September, when an equinoctial storm, whipping across the whitened fields, lashed out the cotton and mixed it irretrievably with sand and loam. But the year I was fifteen nature fairly taught me the lesson. Having made an excellent yield of corn on my acre the preceding year, I thought that all I needed for a greater yield was more corn and fertilizer. But when the corn was tasseling, it forgot to rain. As I watched the field burn slowly beneath the cloudless sky I realized that after a man has done all he can there yet remains much to be done.

This sense of dependence gives the farmer a proud, self-respecting humility. For he feels himself dependent directly upon a superhuman power, which, in spite of certain doubtful instances, is apparently not only not seeking to ruin him but would just as soon bring him fortune. There is, therefore, always the possibility of great success. To the typical farmer, yesterday with its failures is soon a blank; "to-morrow is always a day"; and always "The world's great age begins anew." This unreasonable but vital optimism belongs to him as a child of the earth. When the earth reawakens in spring, he too rubs his eyes and goes out to find his dreams.

III

WITH A CERTAIN ASSURED HUMILITY, then, the farmer faces life. So far as my own boyhood was concerned there was no magic or superstition to win nature to our side. It is true my stepmother used to plant corn by the moon, but my father laughed at her so much about it that she finally forgot which part of the moon she planted in. At long intervals, too, there might be gatherings to pray for rain. There's the local story of the brother who not only wanted rain but also felt he should advise God what kind of rain was best for our dark flat-woods soil. "Oh, Lord," he prayed, "don't send us none of your light 'ud-knot floaters but a drizzly, drozzly all-day rain." I forget what he got; anyway, such gatherings were extremely rare. Most of the time we were concerned, not with changing nature, but with getting on nature's side. If only we could farm so that the corn would miss the frost but get all the sunshine and would be ready for rain or drought when either came. What we needed was intelligence; knowledge was power. Though we could not possibly insure nature's doing what we wished, we could by observation, thought, and study get some idea of what nature usually did and then fit our plans to hers. We could get on God's side — if we knew which side God was on. But we had to

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know. A practical knowledge therefore became a part of our practical religion. We weren't concerned to justify God's ways; we were concerned to discover and use them.

But no matter how much knowledge we might obtain we knew we faced a rather blank wall. No man could tell just where the lightning would strike, and there seemed to be a lot of lightning in nature. We did the best we could: got in the house during storms and accepted without undue elation or depression the results of the year's work. Good men, though apt to be successful, might fail. One could only do his duty. Success had to be left to God.

Working with nature increased, within limits, our sense of human worth; this, I suppose, is the proper effect of any religion. Our particular tasks, also, aided in producing this effect, for they had to do with living things — with cattle and crops. Since their accomplishment or neglect affected, often immediately, these living things, we came to feel ourselves a part of a complex and more than personal life. We were dependent upon nature; but nature was also dependent upon us.

This dependence of nature upon us fostered in us a sense of duty. In so far as the growth of such a sense, the development of ideals, is a part of religion, farm life seems peculiarly conducive to religious development. Relations with men, work for persons may remain on the purely personal level, largely motivated by and dependent upon appreciation. But farm tasks, concerned as they are chiefly with animals and things, tend to be felt soon as general duties, then as ideals. Impersonal nature soon teaches us that there are values to be cherished, that there is a way of life, regardless of any appreciation or even notice of the activities involved. Furthermore, because on the farm these activities are necessary the ideals that grow out of and include them are realistic, not sentimental; based upon facts, not upon dreams. One finally does good work; but first one did a good job of plowing to keep the grass from taking the corn. One finally works on time; but first one milked the cows on time, because delay would have confused the general life.

We lived, then, as nature dictated. Things were done because and when they had to be. But nature, though unpredictable in many of her ways and consequently productive of humility in those dependent upon her, is largely rhythmic. This rhythm has a powerful, though of course mainly unconscious, effect upon the religion of a countryman. I felt it as a child long before I had any idea what it meant or that it meant anything. It ebbed and flowed through the varying activities of the seasons. In spring we looked for flowers in the deep woods, and returned at evening with violets, blue flags, and yellow jessamine; in summer we watched oat harvesting or helped haul loads of rank, green corn for the horses or went swimming — sometimes; in autumn we hunted or corded wood; and in winter on cold, wet evenings, bent on our knees, we cut baskets of rye for the cows. We saw the corn, a tiny spear thrust through the dark March soil; in July a banner, waving; tattered in October. We saw the cotton, beautiful always, from tiny fists cracking the ground to lines of green embroidering the earth, finally to white fields and white piles and wagon loads of white and to white bales half covered by brown burlap and smelling of tar. Everything that began we saw ended. Finished. Completed. The tide rose; the tide fell. Color, pale in the violet, rich in the rose, was pale again soon in the goldenrod.

Thus year by year the seasons passed, awakening us imperceptibly to the consciousness of their rhythm, until finally upon some spring flower we saw, already, the frost. We felt this rhythm, too, within ourselves. New life stirred in us as we walked barefooted in fresh-plowed furrows in spring, became an eager lust in the hot, moist smell of July corn, and yawned and relaxed when the leaves were falling. We knew then, though yet too young for sadness, that the year was done. All things spoke of death. All life was born to die. And men were not exempt.

This realization, when it came, though melancholy, was neither shocking nor unbearable. For in the country a man lies down in friendly earth and becomes one with the soil which has given him life. In the autumn, too, human sorrow is reflected in the face of nature. This universalization of personal grief so etherealizes the brute fact of death that one learns to say, with Capulet:

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Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

And, in spite of frost, always after winter comes the spring. Life, irrepressible, will not die. This is the religion the seasons taught us.

I think this sense of an irrepressible life in things is basic in my religion. Its best symbol is the grass. To the city dweller grass is a lawn. Whitman saw it as "the beautiful uncut hair of graves." But to me it is chiefly the indomitable careless will of nature. Cut it down; dig it up; root it out; burn it — it always comes back, a thousand green blades after the rain. It has no regard for man's distinctions, for it grows in field and pasture alike. Nevertheless, we on the farm continued to make distinctions and fought it as evil in the fields; fought it stubbornly and, as was appropriate for a deathless foe, dispassionately. We concluded that good and evil grow together in this world; that evil is largely a matter of geography — bad grass in the field was good grass in the pasture; and that nature's main concern was with life, all life. Working out our crops we learned that we had to work out our salvation, using as we could the life which nature so lavishly and so carelessly bestowed.

So silently, too. For, in spite of the crash of wind and thunder, nature, in contrast to man, is generally silent. In sunlight, for instance. Or in murmuring rain with pines sighing. This is the mood of religion, as all the saints bear witness. In this lonely quiet a man may find himself. How often have I observed the pines glinting in the autumn sunlight and wondered by what magic they shone as they did. How often at twilight have I listened to the breeze, like a far-off surf, whispering through their branches. I have seen them swaying in storms until the arc of their motion broke, and they crashed to the earth in dull thunder, their upturned roots a mass of wet, red clay. And I have seen them dark against the stars. In their noble strength, their tragic fall, their whispers of far-off things, they are the religion of the country — lovely forms whose sweet sounds and harmonies linger in my mind.

IV

THROUGH SUCH ACTIVITIES, changes, and scenes the earth spoke to us daily, and the half-heard music of her voice was our real religion. On Sundays, though we rested from our labors and sang *Another Six Days' Work Is Done*, we were still close to earth. Parents usually took their children to Sunday school, but the men remained outside, seated on The Log — hewn timbers, worn smooth and edged with moss, blocked up along the sunny side of the church and under a large oak nearby. Here in winter sunshine and summer shade these peaceful farmers gathered to talk, sometimes of politics, usually of the crops and weather. There was also The Spring, an idyllic spot at the foot of the hill by the church. Long ago the hillside had been dug out, and the excavation timbered up. The timbers were green with moss now and growing here and there with ferns. Mossy steps descended to the spring itself, which, protected by a tiny spring house, welled brightly up from the dark soil, overflowed, and meandered off among the ferns to lose itself in the neighboring branch. Here we always went between Sunday school and preaching and drank from the gourd dipper that hung by the spring house. It was a romantic place, in the shadow of the church but, at the same time, dangerously near our pagan mother nature.

The "unreasonable," explanatory sermon only accentuated by contrast this prevailing natural spirit. We were too close to earth. Though shut in by brick walls and Calvinistic logic, our spirits escaped through the many tall windows to the woods, the fields, and the sky. There we found in the waving moss, the great trees, the sunlit corn and cotton silent but effectual critics of the explanatory words. They did not have to explain; they were.

After church we rode leisurely homeward in buggies and carriages, each vehicle following sedately and at some interval the one ahead. No one dreamed of passing another except for urgent reasons and then only with bows and requests to "Excuse us, please, but we just have to hurry." This formula continued even after many of the congregation owned automobiles. We meant, in part, "Excuse our dust," but the words were an apology, not an insult.

On Sunday afternoons, for an hour or so, there existed in our home a mood which, though typically religious, was probably in

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the main the result of our parents' characters, directly related to the country only by its slow quiet. This was the hour when we studied the Shorter Catechism. We knew what Sin was then, and God's Will and Man's Chief End. It was a cold, thin atmosphere, alien to our early world, alien to any world I've lived in since. But for me at least there is one memory of these hours that is entirely delightful. Sometimes as a child on Sunday afternoons I would prick out with a pin words my mother had written in colored crayon upon cardboard. One text was "God is love." I can see it still. I may have learned more that day than I can ever tell. But I'm not sure how much I remember and how much I have confused my experience with that of William Cowper, who on the receipt of his mother's picture recalled the hours

> When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flow'rs,
> The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
> I pricked them into paper with a pin.

But later in the afternoons, especially in summer when the air was cooler, and the shadows of the trees stretched across the fields, Father and Mother would walk about the farm, with us trailing after, from shade to shade, beside the woods or along grassy roads whitened by summer dust, while Father told Mother of his hopes and plans. These little processions were not entirely unlike those more formal ones of "the religion of Numa," so beautifully described by Pater in the opening pages of *Marius the Epicurean*, where the family and all the attendants "went about" the fields to bless them, until they came to the sacrificial altar. We must have been an amusing sight, we children trailing through the grass, but many a Sunday afternoon was blessed for me by these walks that ended, too, with the evening, in family prayers. I'm inclined to think that this friendliness in and with nature lies very deep in my religion.

V

"But what of God?" you ask. And I seriously, not scoffingly, repeat the question: "Yes, what of God?" My mother told me, you remember, that God is love. I think perhaps she *taught* me that. I remember an answer in the Catechism which says that "God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth," but I doubt if I really believe it. Do I feel God's presence? I do not know. But late this afternoon — summer and the air still — as I looked from my front door, all the cedars along the avenue were waving and tossing together. Ripples, waves, counter-waves ran over their dark surfaces. It seemed to me that they must be conferring, eager over some strange secret that I too perhaps had once known but had forgotten long ago. I was left out, a mere onlooker, staring uncomprehendingly at some living language. Yet I was sure if I could penetrate but the thinnest intervening wall — so thin as to be invisible — I should remember and understand the words they were speaking.

Poetry, you say. Perhaps so. Perhaps my religion is poetry, and poetry is my religion.

But I will go further than this. I remember once waiting in a hospital days and nights while a dear friend lay continuously at the point of death. I prayed, of course. Did I feel God's presence? I would not say so. But I *knew* that within the structure of the universe there was power which if unleashed would change in a moment her utter weakness into strength. All about me I felt this ocean of life ready to overflow and crush down and bury forever the nothingness of death. I had seen too often the sun, shining after the rain, lift the bent oat stalks toward the sky. I had seen too often the maples flaming in March.

VI

This is my religion. The universe throbbing with life gives of this life, carelessly indeed but lavishly, to those who know and are fortunate. I may be one perhaps who is unfortunate and ignorant? Yes, but who can tell until the harvest? The event may prove me fortunate and wise. Consider the farmers in February. They are very small under the large, sometimes lowering sky. But in the moist loam crumbling about their feet they feel the old life coming back. Therefore they go forth in faith, cherishing within their hearts the hoped-for harvest. Meanwhile the Judas trees are already rosy by the woods, and at evening the smoke of burning brush stands against the sky.

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NAZI SCIENCE AND OURSELVES

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

We live in a scientific age: there is Einstein; there is Freud; there are innumerable automobiles, radios, and airplanes; there are new kinds of fairly exact knowledge, like sociology; our God has proved to be a mathematician instead of a chieftain, an artist, or a schoolman. And what of the devil? The devil no longer quotes scripture to gain his point; he quotes science or at least uses a quasi-scientific vocabulary. In short this is "the age of the intellectual organization of political hatreds."

So it comes about that the Nazi philosophy is based, not upon any religious claim to Germany being a chosen people, but upon a pseudo-science of heredity and biology which "proves scientifically" the necessity of the German people ruling the world by virtue of their blood.

Here is the claim: "If we divide the human race into three categories — founders, maintainers, and destroyers of culture — the Aryan stock alone can be considered as representing the first category," also *sprach* Adolf Hitler.

Only one thing destroys this Aryan supremacy, and it is "the sin against the Holy Ghost" — mixture with other blood. "Each time Aryan blood has become mixed with that of inferior peoples the result has been an end of the culture-sustaining race. . . . Blood mixture, with the lowering of the racial level which accompanies it, is the one and only reason that old civilizations disappear. It is not lost wars which ruin mankind, but loss of the powers of resistance, which belong to pure blood alone."

Most dangerous of all to Aryans and therefore to all that is decent and "high" in humanity are the Jews, not because of economic or social rivalry, but because of the very nature of their "blood." "The cross between a white man and a Hindu is a Hindu; the cross between a white man and a negro is a negro; and the cross between any of the three European races and a Jew is a Jew." This time we are quoting not Hitler but that American writer who resembles the Nazis in his racial pseudo-scientific beliefs, Madison Grant.

What Madison Grant learned from Houston Stewart Chamberlain and from Gobineau is also believed by the Nazis *on scientific grounds:* when Aryan germ plasm blends with Jewish germ plasm the result is a Jew. Hitler differs from Madison Grant, it is true, in one belief he holds: that this is a peculiarity of German germ plasm, and that French and English germ plasms work to produce a half-and-half mixture.

Now the Jew, says Hitler, is the exact opposite of the Aryan. He "never possessed a culture of his own . . . the bases of his intellectual activity have always been supplied by others . . . he has ever been a nomad; his propagation of himself throughout the world is a typical phenomenon with all parasites."

You get the same theory a little more picturesquely in an interview with Dr. Haufstaengl, Hitler's chief of publicity and social secretary:

Q. What modern work of literature embraces Naziism most completely?

A. *Peer Gynt.* It is the greatest thing written since *Faust.* It is blond. Spengler knows. Houston Chamberlain knew. Germanic. . . .

Q. Why this hatred of Jews?

A. Because they've never produced anything at all. Because they made the English and American theaters into sewers. All women and nakedness. Look at Reinhardt. Besides they aren't blond. Not Germanics.

Q. Einstein?

A. Jewish propaganda!

As for Freud, he was burned in the great literary *auto da fe;* neither relativity nor the unconscious can be right, since neither of them is blond.

Now this science of race with its dogmas of

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Aryan supremacy, the horror of intermarriage, the uncleanness of Jewish blood, the predominant importance of blood as the cause of culture is to be the sole science taught in Germany, the fatherland of so many great anthropologists and biologists.

"The national state," writes Hitler, "will look upon science as a means for increasing national pride. Not only world history but also the history of civilization must be taught from this point of view. . . ." And elsewhere: "It is the duty of a national state to see to it that a history of the world is eventually written in which the question of race shall occupy a predominant position." In short all the educational resources of the most powerful state of modern times — considering how well equipped it is for education by school, radio, newspaper, movie, lecture, pamphlet — is to teach in the name of science what no responsible scientist outside Germany would demean himself by teaching. It will soon be impossible to pass examinations, to get degrees, to find intellectual employment unless those teachings are treated as the proven fruit of investigation and reasoning.

What Is the Truth?

In the face of this remarkable accomplishment we are very apt to be Pharisaical. We feel there is something German about the whole thing and that "such a thing would not happen in our country." We are inclined to be horrified at such race prejudice and especially so when clothed in scientific language. And yet Gobineau was a Frenchman; Houston Chamberlain and Kipling were Englishmen; Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard, Americans; and all of these had the same outlook on races as the Nazis and expressed it to a greater or less degree. It was Madison Grant who said: "It has taken us fifty years to learn that speaking English, wearing good clothes, and going to school and to church do not transform a negro into a white man. . . . We shall have a similar experience with the Polish Jew, whose dwarf stature, peculiar mentality, and ruthless concentration on self-interest are being engrafted upon the stock of the nation." (It might be pointed out in passing that none of the financial geniuses recently investigated at Washington and none of the recent kidnapers and public enemies has been either a negro or a Polish Jew.) No; the intellectual organization of political hatreds is to be found everywhere. The only difference between Hitler and Madison Grant is that the former has the economic power and the individual ruthlessness to make his beliefs universal by violence, to upset truth with his pseudo-scientifically bolstered propaganda.

And the same thing might happen with us. Let those of us who are indignant at the prostitution of science in Germany realize what facts science actually does teach on race questions. Let us tabulate some of them in brief form.

1. There is no such thing as a superior race, neither our own nor another: Negroes, Jews, Nordics, Mediterraneans, as far as their race characteristics are concerned, start equal. The differences come from environmental causes.

2. In so far as there is a Nordic race type to be found pure in a few individuals, this type is itself a mixture of perhaps three earlier types *including a bleached negroid type*. (The scientist whose researches lead to this conclusion works in Boston and not in Alabama.)

3. Intermixture between races does not produce degeneracy. In individual cases inferiority is to be attributed to the environmental difficulties with which half-breeds are faced. All human history has been a succession of racial interbreedings, and the future will increase the tendency. We move farther and farther away from pure races to a world-wide "one big union" of races.

4. Race and culture have nothing to do with one another. Race is transmitted from father to son biologically. Culture is learned from the environment; it cannot be inherited biologically.

Outside Germany all reputable scientists accept these four statements. They may, in the cautious way of true science, prefer to take up a negative point of view. For example they will declare: "There is no evidence showing that one race is superior to any other" and "There is no evidence showing that

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race mixture leads to biologically inferior offspring." But the very positive tenets insisted upon by all official German science would certainly be denied, just as it would be pointed out that Hitler's favorite word, Aryan, has one recognized meaning: namely, the peoples who speak a group of languages descending from Sanskrit and who include the Hindus, Persians, Greeks, Italians, Celts, Slavs, and Teutons. Even Madison Grant knows that. Even the more respectable Nazi scientists, like Professor Hans Gunther of Jena and Dr. Fritz Lenz, Professor of Racial Hygiene at Munich, while their work supplies the scientific ammunition for practical Nazi race programs, are careful to avoid the absurdities of Hitler's vocabulary.

The Courage of our Convictions

If instead of regretting Hitler we turn to our own problems, we must admit that we are not prepared to accept in our practical life as citizens of our communities any of the four statements above. We do not act as if all races were potentially equal: we take up the white man's burden; we prevent negroes from exercising civic rights; we exclude Orientals from our countries; we give racial rather than economic reasons for so doing.

Moreover there can be no doubt that the position of a half-breed is inferior in our communities, and since there is no ground for believing that this is due to biological causes it must be due to environmental causes, that is, to causes made and tolerated by ourselves. In other words we are dissatisfied with what nature would do with half-breeds and resolve to make up for nature's deficiencies on our own. We do it very successfully. We look at our culture and find it good and believe it due to the British, the Anglo-Saxon, even the American *race* and their superior blood — and this though our religion is Jewish; our philosophy, Greek; our jurisprudence, Roman; and our art and literature, everything under the sun!

In short we are quite flagrantly unscientific in our solutions of personal reactions to race and of social treatment of race problems. The only community which consistently tries to live according to the dictates of science with regard to race is communist Russia.

Now in a democracy there are two attitudes toward science: first, that a scientific attitude toward everything is splendid and permissible, but that this attitude may be ignored in practice whenever it would lead to the discomfort of the ruling group; second, that as we believe in freedom all sorts of pseudo-scientific doctrines such as those put out on occasion by Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard, Albert Wiggam, and others must be permitted the fullest publicity and circulation. In a democracy true science is often ignored, and false science tolerated in the service of the ideal of freedom. But when suddenly there comes a demand on the part of some vested interest or other for action in a race problem what happens? We trot out science or pseudo-science indiscriminately. If the Californians grow uncomfortable about Japanese competition we discover that the Oriental races are inferior and therefore a menace to be excluded. If general immigration problems are not working out satisfactorily we invoke heaven-knows-what pseudo-science to defend the social point of view we desire to have prevail. Nor is it only the reactionary and the conservative that do this; it is also quite often the socialist and the radical. A certain type of socialist, for example, has always been very partial to a belief in the inheritance of acquired characteristics; so that when a professor seemed to have succeeded in transmitting changes in the coloring of salamanders the interpretation of his experiments became a matter of politics almost as much as of science. We are also very familiar by now with the way that every sort of conflicting scientific and pseudo-scientific belief is invoked at the same time by defending lawyers in criminal cases. Mr. Clarence Darrow has perhaps been as catholic as anyone in his use of mutually destructive scientific attitudes in the service of his humanitarian efforts. On one occasion he gathered together a truly formidable array of psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, psychologists, and physiologists who agreed with one another on practically no other point except that the two individuals on trial were not responsible for their actions.

Science and the Social Order

It would appear then that the Nazi attitude toward science is the inevitable one for all human beings at our present level of development. All that is required for a com-

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munity to exalt a falsity into a scientific truth is political dictatorship. If Christian Scientists were in a majority, bacteriology would soon suffer a change into something rich and strange; if Roman Catholics, it would immediately become a scientific fact that all contraceptives are injurious; if rationalists, all mystics would become paranoiacs, and as like as not the more passionate rationalists would advocate their sterilization on scientific grounds.

What has happened in Germany is that the economic stress has given Hitler and Goebbels absolute power, and economic necessity seen through the tinted spectacles of their psychology has exalted into a scientific dogma a race creed elsewhere regarded as disreputable. The insistence on blood purity is perhaps partly due to the peculiar psychology of these leaders. There is a definite tinge of sexual perversion in the manifestations of race prejudice and a peculiar retrogression toward the primitive savage's fear of blood. A gross type of anti-feminism is one symptom of this. It is an open secret that homosexuality has a definite place in the present condition of Germany. Indeed, the emotional complex is a curious mixture of ancient Athens and sheer barbarism. We may live to see German playwrights attacked as Euripides was attacked for showing a woman in love on the stage. Already, emphasis is being laid on soldierly love between man and man as the noblest human emotion.

All this has its immense significance to the student of the changing scene, but to us at the moment the most important thing is to see how science is invoked at every turn to justify all these reversals of the conventions in which civilized man has hitherto believed. It means that man is less of a thinking animal than some people had hoped; that science is as valuable for bolstering up evil as any superstition; that something else beside a scientific education is needed to end social injustice. In our own countries we see signs of a similar wave of anti-intellectualism, and there is much in our own common social practices which prepares us to espouse the Nazi ideals of science. We undermine our rationality by the incessant propaganda of advertising, as anti-intellectual as any force invented by the wit of man. Every day we manufacture vast implements of propaganda: the radio, the newspaper, the movies — appeals to feeling on all sides. If economic disaster throws democracy into contempt so that we surrender ourselves into the hands of leaders, who like all men with the lust for leadership in them will have perversity in their make-up, have we any assurance that we shall respect science and the reason any more than the Nazis have done? May we not find that our belief in the value of these for social and political purposes is only a passing phase, part and parcel of what its opponents would call the hesitancies of democracy?

The discussion of heredity will be continued in THE FORUM by a Norwegian scientist, Dr. Otto Mohr

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DARK

A Short Story

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

LEAVE ME alone awhile he'd said. They could not understand why he wanted to be alone on the first day of his sight, after the endless darkness in that sealed niche of the newly blind. He was tired, though. Wanted to see and be quiet. Not have to exclaim any longer and blurt out the old, inadequate words they waited so anxiously for — words that came only within an acre of what he meant or wanted to say. The wonder and pain of seeing their faces again — familiar but not unchanged. You've gotten tall, boy . . . shot up like a poplar . . . look like a man now, Boris! . . . *Gott!* but it's good to see you grin again! . . . You look nice Lina . . . beautiful! It was a lie, but he kept on saying it — trying to cover the shock of seeing her old and thin. He wanted to rush out now and begin, some way, to make up to them the lost years — the time in which they had carried this weight of his blind and gas-soaked body. With what sacrifice it did not take sight to see, and was now indelibly written on her face — the hard mask of her patience dissolving, broken away by this miracle of return. They treated him as though newly risen from the grave or come back from prison, as though just returned and not as one who had been with them — a stone load of dark on their lives — for all this time. He felt himself as though come back from death, wondering that it was possible to lay life aside and take it up again.

They left Genacht alone in the afternoon. Up out of sight of the house. Cautioning him, walking away reluctantly. You be careful . . . careful the doctor said . . . sit there . . . don't move around . . . be still. . . . His wife's hard, sunken face turned back toward him in a warped and anxious smile. The change come over her probed him like a nail. A few months more of this costly darkness and even the land would have been sold. Only now Lina said they were given a time extension — counting on his recovered sight to make it pay. They wanted to know how soon you could go to work, she told him. I said to-morrow I thought. I didn't mean you should go. It was only putting them off awhile. You think that to-morrow you could begin? She had hesitated. Seemed waiting for him to say he would. In that moment of waiting, he saw plain how near the edge they must have come. That she who till now had been overconscious and worrying over all that he tried to do . . .

He looked down on the fields across the creek, the part still unploughed rank with a heavy green and the first rows lurching crooked. But growing straighter in steady progression toward the fence. Boris learned fast. Had grown broad but thin, and something gone from him. A light doused out. . . . Genacht sat quiet on the logs, moving his hand sometimes over the coat she had folded under to keep out the damp. It was a gray-green day with a feeble sun. Late April, and the air mild, still thick from rain. He could see the creek risen and moving fast, high as the banks. Carried down logs like broken twigs. He had heard the dull, swollen thunder of it last night in the dark, the old excitement pounding again inside him, and now saw the soft, undulating water itself, mud-brown and moving like the swift body of a snake. Beyond it the ploughed fields stretched up somber and purple to the woods. The elms yellow and brown like smoke of fungus. He saw the white oaks along the banks in flower like a motionless white rain.

He lost track of time, there having been no difference between light or dark in the other days, and seemed to have been there only a little while. He watched the black arc of crows come down to the fields and had not remembered crows were that beautiful. Had forgotten the lustiness of oaks and saw their wind-

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gnarled branches again as strong, Goth-like arms. Motionless now but storm-defiant. He watched, excited, the wasps crawling along wet bark of logs and the steel-blue glitter across their wings. The veining of boards, marked dark and rich with rain, seemed more important and full of meaning than anything read or heard spoken in his life.

Genacht leaned back on the logs. The fierce, impatient desire to go out and wrench up earth, plant fifty acres in one afternoon, make up everything at once burned down, and in its place a great peace. The quiet ecstasy of sight. Nothing could hold him back now. It would take a long time but long only in reckoning — not in the way it seemed. He'd be slow, niggardly with his eyes. Better to bring to mind the known and familiar things — old, sonorous words from the prophets, Nordic ballads he'd memorized, pieces of poems worn thin already with thought . . . *am farbigen Abglanz haben wir das Leben* . . . or listen to Lina when she had the time. Not what was written beautifully in sound or meaning mattered so much as life lived and seen. He began to plan, to organize and gather again his thoughts, which had seemed to go blind and stumbling with his body. He looked down at his hands, knotted up and wasted; but the hard bones there, and where bone was flesh would come again. No more brooms. Rotten brooms they must have been, he suspected — his hands stubborn and masterless without sight. Tomorrow he'd ask where they hid the things. Boris had lied about how they sold. He could tell from his voice it was a lie. Too loud and hearty with reassurance. Botched brooms; but fumbling with them had kept him from going mad.

II

After awhile he got up slowly and started to go down. Now he had hold of himself and was clear in his plans, he was hungry to see their faces again. He started to run jerkily, grinning and talking to himself, excited again at feeling free to move. Almost stumbled over a giant toad that blundered between his feet and out into the path. "Out of the way, Grampaw!" he shouted. Laughed at its lurching hurry.

It was then he noticed the change. A gray, slow curtain had come down over the valley walls; the cedars turned dark and drowned in the oak shadows. A slow washing up of darkness.

He shut his eyes and put up his hands against them. But when he opened them again he saw that it was the same. Saw that the blur, the gray, insidious fog was still there, made no whiter and unchanged even uncovering his eyes from the hands' darkness. This way it had come before. Gradually an implacable fog. First the black cedars gone on the bluffs and then the oaks sponged out. The fog moving in, blotting out the gray barns, now the gate,

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the near vine leaves grown wide, indistinct as though brought nearer and nearer to his eyes. He had flung up his hands as though they, enormous and blurred, could hold back this darkness; and he remembered, rather than the dissolving of oak branches, the hard bone-light on his knuckles before they were blotted out, and he was completely blind. This way it was coming again. The cedars washed out . . . now the barns gone . . . the gate. . . .

He shouted out, "No! *Gott*, no!" Beat his big hands together in helpless rage. He opened his eyes and strained them apart with his fingers but could see only the near trees and the hills a dark shadow against a greater shadow which must be sky. "No! Stop!" he shouted, "Give me a chance — hold it off a while. . . ." He pulled at his shirt as though strangling. His face rimed cold with sweat.

It was come though. Slow and thickening, the darkness increased before him. He could hear the mumble and sound of water still, but not see it. The near branches were gray and dim like webs. He started to run again in a kind of fierce terror, as though he could escape and leave it behind. Knowing he carried the darkness in himself, but no longer reasoning. Only the fear of this — half-life that was worse than death — the horror of having his life laid down like a stone again on theirs. . . .

Then as suddenly, as he blundered forward, Genacht stopped with his hands on the rough tree bark. Panting and leaning heavy against the scaly trunk, he began to laugh. Loud and foolishly in wild relief. Fool! Crazy, weak-headed, shattered fool! It was the night! He'd forgotten night! Ha! Ha! Dear Christ! The night, of course — sure, that was it! Swamp fogs — night. . . .

He leaned weak on the tree with laughing. Late evening sun red on his blind and grinning face.

Skunk Cabbage

The delicate, fanciful lovers of spring
Praise only the down on her butterfly wing:
They welcome the laurel or wait for the rose —
But I will go down where the skunk cabbage grows.

Lovely (and fragile!) the rose on its stem
Is a dimple of flame out of Eden, to them;
Their butterfly drifts like a holiday skiff:
But mine be spring's pungence summed up in a whiff.

The bluebird's a hurtle of sky on the wing;
The dogwood's a cloud earth-enticed by the spring;
The woodchuck eats clover as tender as veal . . .
I am tired of spring's attributes wholly genteel.

Full-bodied, and buxom, and ample in mirth,
The happy skunk cabbage is vivid with earth, —
Malodorous, vulgar, impenitent, broad, —
Most tanged of the chlorophyll children of God.

Green hands in green pockets, he loafs in the sun
And contemplates earth while the good hours run;
Saying: "Take me or leave me, and bless me or damn,
I am equal to God — for I am what I am!"

E. Merrill Root

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THE FIGHT AGAINST CANCER

BY CLARENCE COOK LITTLE

WHAT have we learned about cancer? Have there been advances in research that give us hope of eventual control of this menace? These questions might be answered differently by individual research workers. If one were pessimistic he might focus his attention on the distance between our present knowledge and the eventual goal. If he did so, his answer might be in the negative. Another person, considering the fact that an increase in the knowledge of cancer has been more extensive in the last thirty years than in the thousand that preceded them, might take a more optimistic view. I believe that the latter would be the better judgment.

The reasons for this belief are not devoid of a certain romantic quality. When mankind has for centuries been checkmated by a group of diseases that has become responsible for a number of deaths second only to the various conditions which we describe as heart disease, the stage is set for real drama. When on this stage there appear for the first time figures which give the impression of being part of an action that may well lead to important climaxes, the audience of the lay world can well afford to pay attention.

Such is the situation in cancer research. New methods of attack have been developed. They bear the stamp of increased authority and of qualities which suggest permanency and promise of great development. The fight against cancer is trench warfare, serious and time-consuming. It is — to a peculiar degree — everyone's fight. This is true because cancer is no respecter of any age, sex, or social group. At some period it touches the history of almost every family in the country.

II

THE FIRST STEP in any fight is to learn whatever you can about the enemy that you are fighting. What is cancer?

Cancer is a natural part of the person afflicted with it. It is *not* a foreign body — not an invasion from outside sources. It is actually the living tissue of the individual himself. For that reason it is in its early stages hard to detect. It begins silently, gently, without pain, and with little indication of its presence. It is not in the ordinary sense of the word a unit or entity. It is a type of growth.

Growth is familiar to all of us. We have all experienced it. It is a fundamental attribute of life itself. In our own history growth has been most spectacular and rapid during the period before birth. The enormous increase in size of the fertilized egg cell until it is a human baby ready to be born is one of the great natural wonders perfected by millions of years of slow evolution. Likewise, the growth of the infant is startlingly rapid, although its rate is not so great as that of the child before birth. Still again, the growth of the child and of the adolescent is marked, but it takes place at a steadily decreasing rate, until in the adult all growth (except that necessary to repair tissue as it is used up) has ceased. Nature has put on the brakes with superlative skill — so quietly and gradually that it is scarcely noticeable. We remain in the balanced condition characteristic of adults until and unless some organ or tissue of our body declares local insurgency and begins to grow again.

If this happens a tumor is formed. Usually tumors are harmless — benign, in medical parlance. Warts, moles, and wens are common examples of this sort of local growth. In other cases the product of local growth is not benign but malignant. Such malignant growths are uncontrolled. They invade surrounding tissues, obstruct vital passages, press against delicate internal organs, and disrupt normal function. These growths are cancers.

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Because there are many types of tissue in our bodies, and because any of these may theoretically be the site of a malignant and uncontrolled growth, it follows that there are many types of cancer. It also follows naturally that the types of cancer differ from one another in rate of growth, degree of malignancy, and therefore in curability.

III

THE FIRST of the newer developments in experimental cancer research is the rapid increase in the use of animal and plant material. Based on the knowledge that cancer is a form of growth, and that growth is a fundamental attribute of living material, cancer and cancer-like growths in animals and plants have, in recent years, been much more carefully studied by investigators. The widespread distribution of cancer has proved a surprise to many.

Some years ago Erwin Smith of the United States Department of Agriculture described the cancerous growth in plants which followed irritation through a fluid injected by various insects and which produced "crown gall." Recently in Germany cancerous growth following exposure to radium has been reported in snapdragons. Biologists studying fruit flies no larger than a pinhead have found and have photographed malignant tumors in the larvae. Fishes, snakes, salamanders, and frogs have contributed to science their quota of cancers. So also have many types of birds — notably the domestic fowl. Most important of all, however, are the cancers of rats and mice. Some of these cancers occur naturally without experimental treatment. Others follow repeated painting of the skin with certain highly refined tars. Still others form around the cysts of parasitic worms, which may be introduced into the livers of rats. And the incidence of cancer in mice and rats is especially interesting for experimental work, because these animals are in every essential point similar in general organization to human beings. They have the same systems of organs and tissues and roughly the same general physiological cycles.

Furthermore, their physiological differences are helpful rather than otherwise. The most important of these is the rate at which they grow old. The life span of a mouse very rarely exceeds three years. During its life it proceeds in an orderly manner as does man, from infancy and childhood through adolescence and young adult stages to middle age and eventual senescence. By continued observation it is possible to determine with considerable accuracy the relative stage of maturity which the individual mouse has reached. This may be compared with the corresponding stage in the development of a human being. A mouse three years old is almost a centenarian in its physiological age. A mouse at a year is approximately as old as a man of forty-five. Since we know that many of the commoner types of human cancer occur at middle age or slightly older, and since the same general rule applies to mice, it is obvious that the latter grow old with obliging rapidity. The investigator in twenty years can, for example, see between fifty-five and sixty generations of mice progress from birth to middle age. In the same period only one human generation would have reached its young adult stage.

Mice are, moreover, amazing reproductive machines. They unfortunately lack the sympathetic press agent which Ellis Parker Butler in *Pigs Is Pigs* provided for guinea pigs. They will easily mature rapidly enough to produce three generations in a year. They have large numbers of young, thus allowing the collection of extensive data. It is not at all an uncommon occurrence for a female mouse to produce more than fifty young during her lifetime, or for a male to sire more than four hundred young. And mice are remarkably resistant to surgical operation. They are, furthermore, easy to handle and inexpensive to rear. Finally, they differ naturally and importantly, as individuals, in their inherent constitutional ability to form cancer.

IV

THIS LAST FACT has provided us with the second great advance in research methods. This is the isolation and maintenance of many strains of mice which constantly differ from one another both in the total amount of cancer formed and in the type of cancer produced. As a result one may find in adjoining rooms of a laboratory two stocks of mice, one of which spontaneously forms cancer of the breast in from eighty to one hundred per cent of the breeding females, while the other has had no

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case of cancer of the breast in over fifty generations totaling thousands of animals. The natural source of supply of cancer thus provided is an invaluable aid to research. The fact that the behavior of the two stocks in this respect can be predicted with a high degree of accuracy gives a chance for experiments designed to detect any characteristic difference between the cancer-producing and the non-cancerous stock. As a result it may some day be possible to learn more of the critical precancerous stages and of the actual change from a normal to a cancerous cell.

The discovery that mice and rabbits may react to continued painting of the skin with highly refined tars by the formation of both benign and malignant tumors is another important advance in research methods. Various strains of mice differ in the type and extent of their reactions to this sort of irritation. The nature of their reactions seems to be largely a matter of constitutional make-up. Material of this sort provides valuable opportunities for studying the comparative importance of constitution and irritation in the formation of cancer.

V

As another important research method it has been shown that under certain conditions cancer tissue may be successfully transplanted. There are two ways in which this can be done.

In the first case artificial culture media are used as food for the transplanted bit of cancer. The development of the technique of Burrows and of Carrel has made this possible. In small aseptic glass chambers, kept at body temperature, cancer tissue lives and grows. Under these conditions it can be conveniently observed and it can be treated with different physical and chemical agents in order to determine their effect upon its rate and nature of growth.

In certain institutions careful motion-picture records are kept to show the behavior of the cells of normal and of cancerous tissue in such artificial cultures. From these films much has already been learned of the great capacity possessed by certain cancer cells for locomotion and invasion of the surrounding tissue. From such studies, notably those of Canti, have also come intensely interesting motion pictures showing the disintegration and death of cancer cells following exposure to radium.

In the second method — applicable especially to bird or animal cancer — a bit of the tissue is transplanted into the body of another bird or animal of the species in which the cancer originated. In this case the animal receiving the implanted tissue becomes a sort of natural incubator and provides from its own blood the food needed for the support of the introduced bit of cancer.

The growth of cancer under these conditions is almost bewildering in its vigor and extent. A small piece of mouse cancer may after transplantation grow a weight of five grams in a few weeks. This mass may then in turn be subdivided into a hundred pieces for further transplantation. Each of these upon being placed in another mouse of the same strain will repeat the behavior of the first mass. By continuing this process it would be theoretically possible to produce in a year 1,100,000 pounds of mouse cancer tissue all of which was descended from the original mass. The mouse that gave rise to the cancer would not have exceeded, at its heaviest, fifty to sixty grams in weight. The growth energy of cancer is therefore tremendous. The duration of that energy is also noteworthy. Some years ago Loeb wrote a most stimulating article in which he spoke of the "immortality of cancer." This descriptive phrase is essentially accurate. As an actual case, mouse cancer which originated in a mouse in Jensen's laboratory in 1900 is still alive, following successive transplantations of bits of the tissue.

We have had here a brief glimpse of some of the newer methods in cancer research. They are in their early stages. It is too soon to expect much from them. On the other hand they give promise of leading to real and lasting advances. They are getting us into closer contact with the enemy. They have shown us that cancer is to be respected, and that it is appallingly natural. They have made it clear that we are in for a long war — one in which an attitude of patience, the increased support of research, and institutions with permanency of organization are essential. They have, however, given us renewed hope and encouragement to strengthen us in working for eventual victory.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Case History

To the Editor:

In your February editorial ("Can We Eliminate Fear?") you say, "What happened to America in 1933? . . . Our real progress has been the elimination of fear. . . . The unemployed know now that the end will not be starvation. . . ."

Indeed we don't know that!

Five years ago my husband, a skilled aircraft mechanic, was steadily employed at a living, though meager, wage. I, a violin teacher with twenty years' experience, was busy almost daily; my income supplemented my husband's, so that we lived very comfortably.

Four years ago the company for which he worked went out of existence. Within six months my teaching dwindled away. Casual odd jobs also failed within a year. . . .

The starting of the CWA filled us with hope. At last, a federal government which regarded unemployed citizens as fellow human beings with a right to live decently. One dreadful fear *did* abate. For seven weeks the CWA paid $16.50 a week. Here [New York State] . . . a couple can live decently on about $19 a week. A home, not a slum, can be had for $35, or a trifle less a month; gas and electricity average about $3 monthly; and proper food for two may be had for $6 a week. In other words, we needed about $80 a month, of which a benevolent government was letting us earn about $70. We were falling behind at the rate of only about $10 a month.

Suddenly the government found it could not afford to pay so much. Hours were cut, and our income became $13.20 a week. Food costs, of course, continued to rise, and all others remained stationary; none was reduced. For three weeks we struggled along. Strange to say, our fear for the future revived. We read that the CWA would end by May 1, but that men would be dropped first in the South and in districts where farming would absorb most of them. —— is not in the South, and —— County is not a farming county. But on February 26, out of about 250 local men on CWA work, 180 were dropped, my husband among them, although the false statement had been given out that at first men would be dropped only where another member of the family was employed.

We applied for "home relief," which is now being grudgingly doled out as follows (of course no cash): rent up to $25 a month (only a slum can be had for that out here); a ton of coal monthly during winter months; gas and light bills up to about $3 monthly; clothing, 25 cents per person per week; food, $1.50 per person per week.

Our total as worked out by the official we saw is $13.60 weekly. No cognizance is taken of unemployed persons' need for soap, drugs, or sanitary supplies of any sort, nor for newspapers, postage stamps, or stationery. As paupers we have no right to such luxuries.

. . . should I ever again be so fortunate as to get a paying pupil, I am supposed to hurry to the welfare office and report, "I am earning $1 a week," so that they may take that much off our food ticket. If I am satisfied to remain idle I may have the maximum of relief. But if I try gradually to reinstate myself in my profession, to which half my life has been given, I am to be penalized for every dollar that I earn. Paupers aren't supposed to have a profession; let them patch worn-out underwear and scrub floors (without soap).

One of the Fearful

Partisanship

To the Editor:

. . . I was astonished to read your biased editorial ("One Year of Roosevelt," March Forum) on the present administration in Washington. Doesn't it occur to you that many of your readers do not believe in the experimental New Deal and are in fact suffering from it? Or are you, too, misled by the ballyhoo? . . .

I think magazines like yours should be free from partisanship, unless your subscribers are all of the same political persuasion.

B. A. Benson

Union, N. J.

Should not an editor be permitted the same freedom of expression for his opinions that he gives his contributors? The Editor of The Forum *is a Republican, and he supported in the magazine every glimmer of constructive leadership that emanated from Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover with the same vigor that he has applauded the imaginative courage of Mr. Roosevelt. As the first anxious months of the new administration passed, and despairing inertia gave place to vigorous leadership and wise legislation, he was compelled to admire and acclaim the extraordinary courage, broad humanitarianism, and vision of the man responsible for the change in our national morale. Nothing since then has occurred to shake this confidence in the integrity of his purpose. Mistakes of course there are bound to be. Mr. Roosevelt is a human being and therefore fallible. But he has gone so far as to take the nation into his confidence and to ask our co-operation in the enormously difficult and dangerous task of effecting a more even distribution of wealth and a more abundant life for all. This, of course, will take time and patience to work out, and in the meantime we should not withhold constructive criticism.*

In the January issue of The Forum *Mr. Flynn urged the scrapping of the NRA. The Editor does not share his opinion. In the February issue Mr. Sullivan attacked the New Deal from the standpoint of bureaucracy. Such frank discussion of all phases of governmental activity will continue to be welcomed. Quite apart from the personal opinions of the Editor,* The Forum *will keep to its non-partisan course.*

Faith and Healing

H. Flanders Dunbar's article, "What Happens at Lourdes?" published in the April Forum, *has drawn many approving comments. Dr. Earl D. Bond of the Institute of the Pennsylvania Hospital says:* After reading and accepting Dr. Dunbar's article I am left with more conviction that faith can help all people who can reach it. It does not matter much whether or not some people are healed: it does mean much that all pilgrims go home better fitted to live or to die. *Dr. George Draper of New York writes as follows:* Dr. Dunbar has used the example of Lourdes effectively to illuminate the curious situation in which contemporary medicine finds itself. While there is no question that the theory and training of science have led to useful discoveries and clear thinking in medicine, its biological technique, applicable only to physiological phenomena, is frustrated in the field of emotion. Dr. Dunbar's remarks upon the rational processes of academic psychology indicate that, far as the intellectual grasp of psychological forces may go, there still remains an ultimate energy . . . which eludes rational thought. Whether this . . . can ever be captured and directed by reason is the major problem. . . . *From the Rev. George Paull T. Sargent of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City:* Those of us who minister to personalities and their needs arising from conditions in the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual realms realize that certain functions and responsibilities rest upon the priest or pastor and that certain others rest upon the physician. The highest results cannot be attained when either works alone. . . . No greater step forward can be made for our generation than to increase the intelligent understanding and co-operation between these two spheres of helpfulness.

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OUR ROSTRUM

* * * *And from the Rev. Donald B. Aldrich of the Church of the Ascension, in New York City:* Dr. Dunbar's appreciation of the inseparableness of mind and spirit and of the emotional power in personality as it responds to spiritual apprehension makes many of us hope that the debt the Church owes to scientific medicine may in some way be met by a contribution from the Church in the deeper sources of mental and spiritual healing.

Beginning or End?

In the fond belief that he was putting that gentleman on the spot, the Editor requested from Mr. Walter B. Pitkin, author of Life Begins at Forty *and* More Power to You, *a comment on the anonymous article published in the April* Forum *and entitled "Life Ends at Forty." Here is Mr. Pitkin's reply:*

I am amazed that you say that the anonymous author of the article you have sent me disagrees with my viewpoint. She agrees with everything which I have argued. And I agree with everything that she argues. There is absolutely no controversy here. I can quote page after page straight through my book, showing that people who, like her, "have literally been drugged with sentimentality" and miseducated, as she describes herself, never live. Instead of bearing the title "Life Ends at Forty," you should change this to "Life Never Begins for Fools."

If the author seriously thinks that her views are in any wise contrary to mine, I advise her to study one of my earlier books, entitled *The Art of Rapid Reading.*

From the deluge of other communications in regard to the article by Anonymous, we select the following. It may or may not be relevant, too, to record that more than one inquiry has been received (ostensibly from masculine readers) requesting the name and address of the writer.

W. N. Stokes, Judge of the District Court, Vernon, Texas, is the author of the following letter:

I have read the article . . . and I am sorry it is anonymous because I would prefer to address the author. It is rather unusual that the author of this article has had so many encomiums spread upon her brow by parents of children who have come under her influence as a teacher, in view of the fact that she is so glib with such expressions as "a damn sight too many," "Pollyanna be damned!" "Like hell I can!" etc. These and like expressions carry with them the idea of "Kid, give me another cigarette," hip-pocket flasks, and cocktail parties, rather than evidence of associations with the gentle and refined women who usually stand before classes in schoolrooms and especially that class which excites such expressions of appreci-

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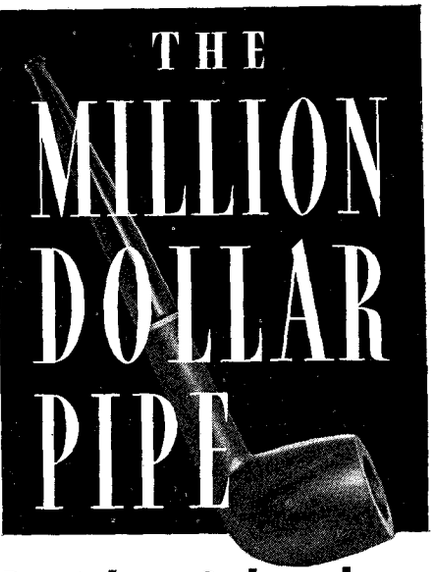

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OUR ROSTRUM

ation as seem to have been showered upon Miss Anonymous. The social conduct suggested by the expressions of this forty-year-old young woman is the source of most profound anxiety on the part of parents of boys and girls in these modern times, and those expressions of gratitude, if made at all, were no doubt made in benighted ignorance of the elements of character and disposition which brought forth the profanity. If so, it may be an explanation of her social position at forty. Young men of marriageable age and meditation are by no means so easily deceived as doting parents, even though, in some instances, they are less sophisticated. The article is well-written and shows ability, but probably it would have been better not to publish it.

From Mildred Hand, New York City:

I take vigorous issue with the article. . . .

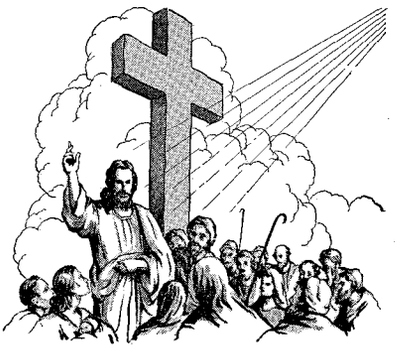
In all charity, there is no other conclusion than that your writer is one of the unfortunates who are shunted by life into the ranks of the neurotics. . . .

May I add also that I take issue with your judgment in presenting a personal tragedy that is irrelevant in a time of stark material disaster? This woman at least has a job and good health.

There are too many women, Mr. Editor, in this generation of the forties, who know only too well the tragedy that your writer sets down with such exquisite detail . . . but all of them of whatever quality have adjusted their lives decently and in silence to what they could have, even as the married ones have done! The whine that permeates the whole structure of this woman's story, the way she rolls her misery under her tongue undermine her very appeal.

Most women of forty have learned that there is no royal road to happiness, no single avenue to human bliss. . . . I venture a suggestion that your writer . . . by her own words, suffers less from frustration of a desire to be fulfilled in the ecstasy of love than from frustration of a self-centered greed. She bewails that she has never *possessed* a husband, children, a home. . . .

I do feel it is my right — and out of my Puritan inheritance I could add my responsibility . . . to protest that this article presents an incomplete philosophy of life for the woman of forty and does not represent adequately the class she walks with. Obviously your writer has not seeded and grown *any* philosophy — she has been all wish and endurance and rebellion. With good health, an income that permitted her to save, and daily association with youth . . . she has built herself a structure that is blown over with the first blast of a storm. Her money is gone! She cannot afford the clothes and



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OUR ROSTRUM

the facials that make forty attractive to the masculine eye, so nothing is left, life is ended — *ended*, at forty!

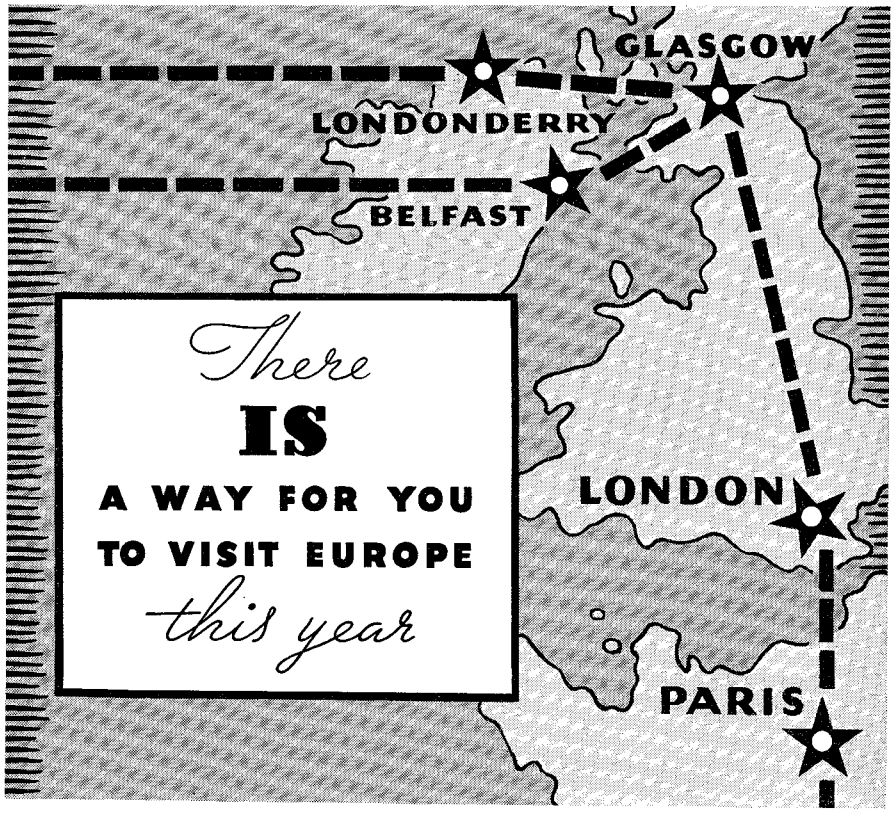
The lady pays small compliment to the masculine mind, for most men at forty look at a woman with a mind as well as an eye. I think most of them expect the women of their generation to be more than a silhouette, deftly draped and tinted here and there. They know that their forty years have brought them something better than decorations for a shop window. They know that a woman who has lived her forty years vitally *ought* to carry a grace and vitality of spirit consistent with the experience she should have had from her years. . . .

Your writer, Mr. Editor, pipes a feeble tune. Unfortunately it is a tune that is calculated to draw a crowd. These are days of definite distress; defenses are down for most of us, or perilously cracked. I think, with all respect to your judgment, that you owe it to your readers to protect them from the defeatists until we have put our feet on solid ground or at least have learned to keep our equilibrium in a fluid world of shifting currents.

George W. Lyon of Pittsburgh, Pa., writes the letter below. (He mentions by way of conversation, that a definition of the word "highbrow," which he contributed to THE FORUM *for November, 1926, has been what he terms "embalmed" in a recent school and college English text.)*

"Life Ends at Forty" . . . is a document of rare human interest. The author's frankness is refreshing, and she reveals the heart and soul of the inner woman with fine spirit and courage, saying what thousands of her sisters feel but could never have expressed half so well. She has righteously rebelled against all the prohibitions, inhibitions, and ascetic bugaboos intended to regulate women's lives — so much traditional bunk that we have inherited from the dead past; outworn ideas that have been preserved, fostered, and foisted upon us by religion and the Church and administered as a mental anæsthetic or as a means of mortifying the flesh. The Greeks glorified the body, and in so doing exalted both mind and soul. . . . Anonymous has reached the same conclusion that the Greeks arrived at centuries ago, namely: If the body is the temporary habitation of the soul, it should for this very reason stir in us both emotion and admiration. . . .

Perhaps Miss Anonymous should have read less of Milton in her youth and more love lyrics, a belief to which she herself inclines. Robert Herrick's *To The Virgins, To Make Much of Time* may present a saner philosophy of life than George Herbert's *Virtue* or Milton's many preachments on the same theme. . . . Still, in spite of Herrick's advice, good as it is,



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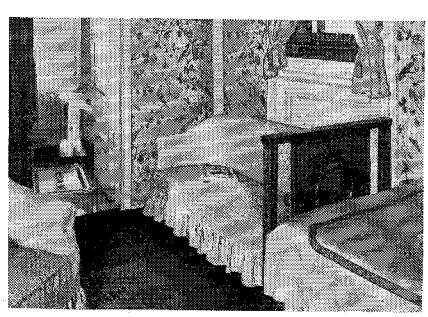

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OUR ROSTRUM

there are some late-blooming roses, for all of life's roses do not bloom in June, and romance in middle life is not to be sneezed at. . . .

Excerpts from a few other letters: The article is selfish from the standpoint of motivation. Too bad "she" (?) lost her money — but if all-that-we-*have* is all-that-we-*are*, then we aren't worth much. . . . One cannot but feel sympathy with the author that "she" (?) was born a little out of time. . . . BUT, granting that the lady (?) was lacking in early knowledge, the Book says that "though I have ALL KNOWLEDGE and understand all mysteries and have not charity (sympathy) it profiteth me nothing." Thus far, Mr. Editor, I have been somewhat jesting. But seriously, dead seriously, if you publish another article like that I shall strike THE FORUM from the list of my periodicals. I wish I had back the price of this copy ✓✓✓ Anonymous wrote in such a rage of self-pity and frustration that throwing her a rope of suggestions is difficult. What she is like normally one may only surmise. ✓✓✓ For the third time I have read "Life Ends at Forty." Each reading disclosed some new delight. . . . If the author had found a "mission," many FORUM readers of forty or over would have been deprived of the satisfaction of knowing that at least one intelligent person understands their plight.

Miss Lucile Grebenc, whose article, "I Come Home," appeared in the January issue of THE FORUM, *has written a reply to "Life Ends at Forty" which will be published in the June issue under the title, "Renascence at Forty."*

VETERANS

A characteristic but unexpected development has occurred as a result of the reprinting, in the March issue of a trade paper known as the Delicatessen Merchant, *of the Editor's Foreword ("One Year of Roosevelt") in the March* FORUM. *The editorial in part praised Mr. Roosevelt for his "smashing of the Veterans' lobby." Shortly after its appearance in the* Delicatessen Merchant, *the latter's editor, Mr. M. M. Zimmerman, received from Joseph F. Markley, New Jersey State Commander of the Veterans Voters League, a communication which included the following: "I need not tell you — echoes will be heard from all parts of the U. S. A. — it is our intention to let the Commanders in each of the 435 Congressional Districts of the Nation understand your antagonistic and vitriolistic attitude toward those men who made it possible for your magazine and all other enterprises to remain under a Republic, by defending the Nation when dark clouds of War threatened our very National existence."*

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OUR ROSTRUM

The Editor has written a reply, which it is assumed will appear in the Delicatessen Merchant *and from which we quote:*

"I submit that Mr. Markley completely misunderstands the issue. Neither you, Mr. Zimmerman, nor I will yield to any man in the admiration of the heroism of our war veterans, whether their object in fighting for us was to defend our own country or the still more noble and unselfish ideal of saving not ourselves but foreign European countries for democracy. No, for the veterans we have only admiration. What I deplore is the dragging of the fine name of veteran into the mud of political graft by the paid lobbyists who work night and day under the masquerade of patriotism to wreck the national treasury and ruin the nation. If Mr. Markley is really a patriot he will take the trouble to go to a public library and to read an account of this national racket in The Forum *Magazine for May, 1931, 'The American Legion and Politics,' by Marcus Duffield.*

"If any of the commanders of the Veterans Voters League in the other 434 Congressional Districts feel as the New Jersey Commander intimates I earnestly hope that they will attack me, the author (not you for reprinting my editorial), openly by letter, by speech, and, failing this, by sawed-off shotguns. The more fools and grafters I succeed in bringing into the open, the greater service to my country.

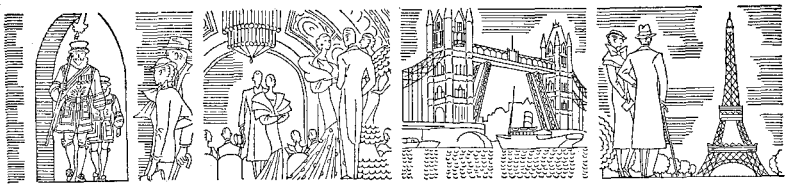
"I reaffirm my stand with our brave President, himself a war veteran, against national burglary committed under the cloak of patriotism."

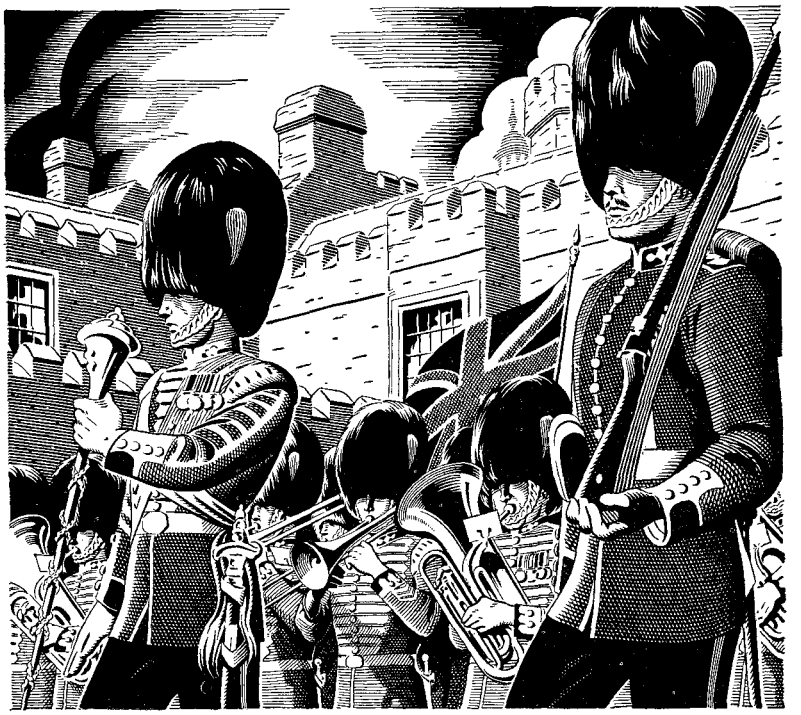
America and Democracy

To the Editor:

It was about time for some writer of standing to see and to say the things that Archibald MacLeish has seen and said effectively in his "Preface to an American Manifesto" (April Forum). I rejoice that he has said some of these things so well.

I do not think, however, that Mr. MacLeish has adequately seen or stated the problem of democracy at the end of the capitalist epoch. Briefly stated, that problem is: Can a democracy see clearly the necessity for a co-operative commonwealth in terms of its own ideals as well as of economic well-being? Can it use power effectively to bring about the necessary transfer of ownership from a small class to society? That problem is much bigger than the working out of a few techniques, the chief of which, Mr. MacLeish thinks, is the technique for the democratic control of credit. It goes beyond what Mr. Roosevelt has tried to do, but the danger is that the failure of what Mr. Roosevelt is trying to do will be set down as another failure of democracy rather than as a failure of a liberal state of capitalism, which is what it is.





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OUR ROSTRUM

Finally, may I respectfully suggest to Mr. MacLeish that it would have been fair to acknowledge that socialism as distinct from communism, whatever its faults and failures, has tried, sometimes with more sincerity than wisdom, to use democratic procedure. Is it not entitled, then, to credit and support from men of Mr. MacLeish's opinion? Can he not help us here in America to learn both by success and failure in Europe the better and the more vigorously the way to struggle for a new social order by means which are not in themselves a complete denial of those real values for which democracy stands?

NORMAN THOMAS

New York, N. Y.

Daniel W. Hoan, Socialist Mayor of the City of Milwaukee declares: Mr. Archibald MacLeish . . . has made a plausible argument on the basis of a false premise. He has mistaken the outpourings of hatred and the preachments of destruction emanating from some intellectual radicals and self-styled revolutionaries as expressive of the purposes, ideals, and aspirations of the American revolutionary movement. . . . If this movement has placed undue emphasis on its opposition to the evils of the existing social order the time for such a negative attitude is past, and the situation now calls for positive action. . . .

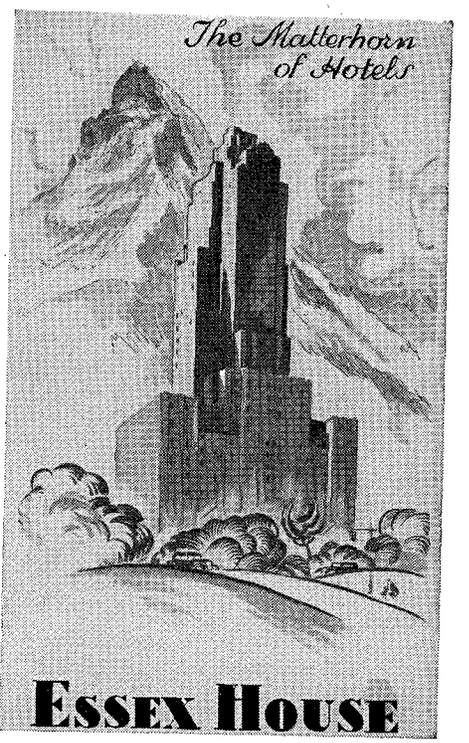
MONTHLY WASHINGTON NOTE

Edward A. Filene's article, "Is Security Worth $20,000,000,000?" printed in our March issue, was read into the Congressional Record *by Representative Kvale of Minnesota.*

CHILD LABOR

In praise of the April Editorial Foreword, "The Child Labor Amendment," writes Henry Pratt Fairchild, Professor of Sociology at the Graduate School of New York University and well-known author:

. . . it is putting it mildly to observe that I am delighted with what you . . . say. This is as fine a concise statement of the situation as I know of, and I hope it has a wide effect. The attitude of Presidents Lowell and Butler is beyond my comprehension. If it is sincere, I cannot follow their mental processes. If it is a sycophantic truckling to the sensibilities of their capitalistic supporters it is beneath contempt, particularly indefensible on the part of Lowell, who is no longer responsible for the finances of Harvard University. The position of the Cardinal is no surprise. He is simply enunciating fundamental Roman Catholic doctrine, with which I became entirely familiar during my two years' association with the Connecticut Child Welfare Commission. The Catholic Church is bitterly



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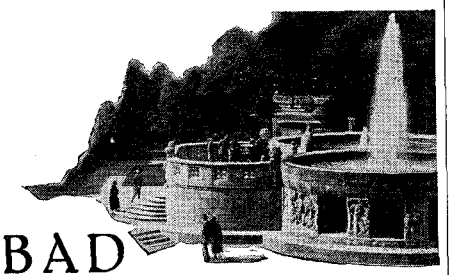

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This is a fine number of THE FORUM, and I congratulate you.

Replying to a communication from a Bishop of the Episcopal Church, who dissented from the position taken in the same editorial and who requested that his letter remain unpublished, the Editor has written as follows:

"I understand your position regarding the proposed Child Labor Amendment, and it is a noble one. The Amendment needs such sensitive dissentients. As a Christian I too object to prohibition. As a citizen I distrust new laws, new amendments and cry for erasure or enforcement of existing acts. But this proposed amendment seems to me not a prohibitory but a protective measure. Am I sure that fanatics and politicians will not abuse it? No, I am not sure, but I think the risk less than the risk of having our children unprotected. The Constitution is the fundamental structure of liberty. At the outset it gave liberty to the male white. Then it freed the male black. Decades passed, and it freed all women. Now national idealism calls for a fundamental declaration of proper liberty for our children."

NAZIS

Unknown parties have been annoying the author of "Germany Rearms," published in the January issue of THE FORUM. *The Editor has been informed that these parties have gone so far as to make false telephone calls to the author, in which they posed as officials of the State Department. On one occasion the author was informed by one of these mysterious callers that he was to report to Ellis Island to be examined and deported. His subsequent investigation of the matter revealed that no such order was ever issued by the Department. From all this it seems reasonable to assume that there exists in this country to-day an undercover organization active in discouraging sentiments not pleasing to the Nazi government.*

POLICEMEN

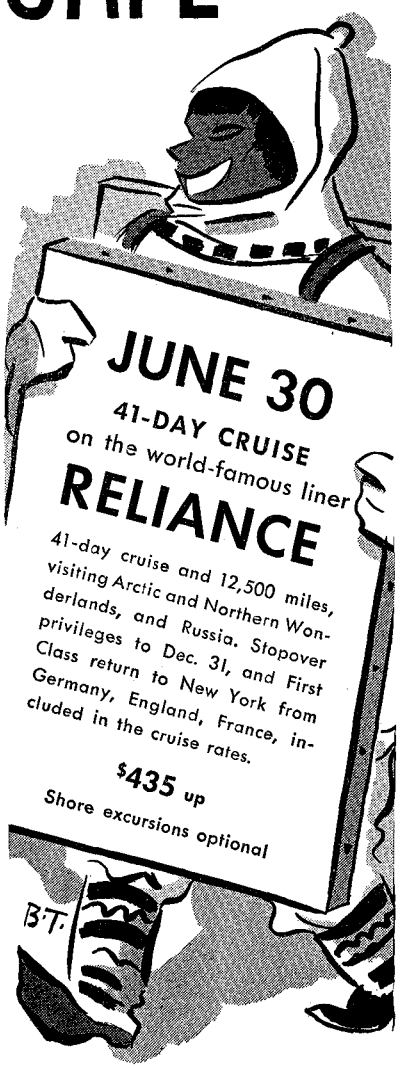
A comment by John F. O'Ryan, Police Commissioner of New York City, on Henry Suydam's article, "How Kidnapers Are Caught," from the April FORUM:

I read [*the article*] with interest and found it a very readable running story of the organization, scope, purpose, and activity of the Department of Justice of the United States.

I cannot overstate my approval of the effectiveness of this federal investigation bureau . . . in speedy pursuit of the perpetrators of crime.

NORTH CAPE

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN AND RUSSIA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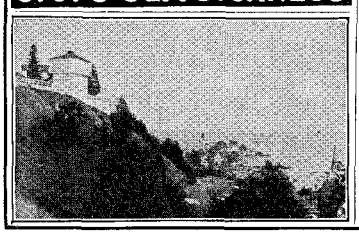

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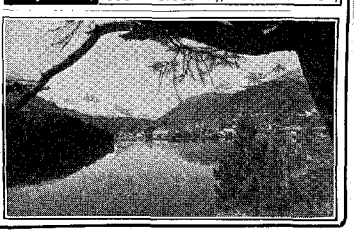

Forum Poetry Contest

THE EDITOR of THE FORUM takes pleasure in announcing a prize contest, open only to the undergraduates of American colleges and universities, for the best three poems submitted before May 15, 1934. First Prize: $50. Second Prize: $30. Third Prize: $20. In case of a tie there will be duplicate prizes.

Judges

JOSEPH AUSLANDER
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
MARY M. COLUM
ROBERT HILLYER
HANIEL LONG
ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Poetry Editor, THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., and should be mailed before midnight, May 15, 1934. Under no circumstances will any manuscripts be returned.

To facilitate the judging of poems in this contest, the Poetry Editor requests that the following form or a duplicate of it be attached to all entries.

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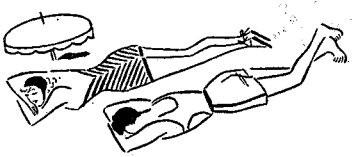

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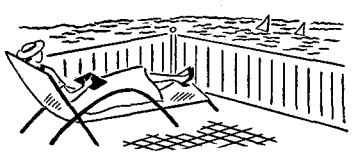

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TOASTS

CYRUS FISHER is a leading radio critic in this country, an author of detective stories, and a close student of the theater.

LUCILE GREBENC claims she is artistic by temperament but has pursued scientific vocations in order to pay the butcher. The depression sent her "back to the land" in 1931.

CHARLES A. BEARD is a recognized authority on political science. He was co-author with his wife of *The Rise of American Civilization* and author of "A Five-Year Plan for America" in THE FORUM for July, 1931.

MARY M. COLUM was recently the recipient, at Georgetown University, of a medal from the James Ryder Randall Academy of Letters.

HARRY D. NIMS is a practicing lawyer and a member of the New York State Committee on the Administration of Justice.

HELEN HALL is a former Director of the University Settlement in Philadelphia and last August replaced Miss Lillian Wald as head of the Henry Street (New York City) Settlement.

ESTELLE DUCLO has had considerable of her poetry published in magazines and newspapers of this country. She is a member of the Poetry Society of America and the MacDowell Club.

ILSE BISCHOFF is a young American artist who has traveled extensively abroad, especially in Russia. Several of her paintings were recently displayed at the Salons of America exhibition in Rockefeller Center, New York City.

HENRY A. WALLACE is United States Secretary of Agriculture and one of the foremost of the New Dealers.

INNES H. PEARSE received her M.D. from the University of London in 1918. She is a Medical Officer of the Special Committee for the Investigation of Goiter, London County Council, and the author of numerous medical papers.

G. SCOTT WILLIAMSON was given his M.D. at the University of Edinburgh in 1923. He is a specialist in thyroid pathology and is attached to the Medical and Surgical Professorial Unit at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

MARY AUSTIN is an authority on the early civilizations of the American Southwest.

ELWOOD STREET, a veteran in social-service work, is Director of the Washington, D. C., Community Chest.

DAN W. GILBERT is twenty-two years old. He has attended two state universities in the West, has been a newspaper reporter, and is the author of *Crucifying Christ in Our Colleges*.

DORA AYDELOTTE was born and raised and still lives in the Middle West — Altamont, Moweaqua, and Chicago, Illinois. Her stories have been appearing in THE FORUM for two years.

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Next Month

and later

THE MYSTERY OF 1933: EPIDEMIC IN CHICAGO

Milton S. Mayer

This country was shocked on November 19, last, to learn that 800 cases of amoebic dysentery, occurring all over the continent since the middle of August, had been traced to Chicago, where 10,000,000 visitors had swarmed to the World Fair. Fifty were fatal. Who was responsible, and had there been an attempt to suppress knowledge of the outbreak? Mr. Mayer has made a thorough and fearless analysis of all the facts, charges, and countercharges involving two of the city's leading hotels and Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, President of the Chicago Board of Health.

ART AND THE GOVERNMENT

Katharine Stanley-Brown

We are a nation of seventh graders — about twelve years old — claims the author; just the age to be interested in literature, sculpture, painting, and the like. England, France, and many other countries accord these things an official status: why shouldn't we have a federal Department of Fine Arts?

ARE SERVANTS EXPLOITED?

A Socratic Dialogue

Are domestic servants in this country a grievously exploited class, or do they themselves impose on their employers in wages, hours, and services? Should they, like industrial workers, be placed under a code? Here is a comprehensive discussion of every aspect of this question, in the form of a dialogue between women experienced in problems of labor and domestic economy.

A WOMAN PLOWS IN

Julia Railey

Farmers under the New Deal are learning new lessons. But try to teach them to the negro farmers of the South! Mrs. Railey describes the reactions of her colored tenants to the revolution in agriculture.

HEREDITY AND HUMAN AFFAIRS

Otto L. Mohr

A clear exposition of some puzzling and often misunderstood biological principles: pre-natal "influence," inbreeding, miscegenation, the effects of sterilization.

THE WORLD AS I WANT IT

Norman Thomas

The second in the series of articles, inaugurated this month, in which men and women nationally and internationally known in all walks of life will describe for FORUM readers the kind of world they think humans should make for themselves. Mr. Thomas places his hope in a co-operative commonwealth realized by socialistic methods. Other solutions for our economic problems, he warns, endanger the fundamental liberties of the individual.

OTHER FEATURES

"Masters of Use," a solution for our tottering economic system, by Lewis A. Riley; a paper on Henry George and Edward Bellamy, by Ida M. Tarbell; "Religion and Communism," by William M. Barber; the second and last discussion of the Pioneer Health Centre, by Innes H. Pearse and G. Scott Williamson; "The Delphic Woman," a discussion of psychic factors in the life of modern women, by Claude Bragdon; "Shadows," a short story, by Burnham Carter; "Box Supper," another Barbry Miller story, by Dora Aydelotte.

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON

COLONEL LAWRENCE: The Man Behind the Legend, by Liddell Hart (Dodd, Mead, $3.75). The years since the war have done nothing to diminish the Lawrence myth; the contrary rather. Excellent as his biography is, even Captain Liddell Hart has not succeeded in dispelling the aura of mystery. Himself an expert on military affairs, Liddell Hart is more convincing when he analyzes Lawrence's genius as a strategist and tactician than when he attempts to decipher what must obviously be a very complex and elusive personality. Starting with an illuminating account of Lawrence's early career as an archæologist and, in private, a student of military strategy, Liddell Hart devotes the bulk of his book to an exhaustive study of the amazing Arabian campaign. He then describes the events of the Peace Conference — when Lawrence felt himself and his Arabs to be so bitterly betrayed — and continues with a fuller record than has yet appeared of Lawrence's recent career as a writer and as an obscure private in the Royal Air Force. The motives he gives for so astonishing an immolation are various and plausible, but they do not quite seem to cover the transformation from Lawrence of Arabia to Aircraftman Shaw. Liddell Hart convinces one, if one needs convincing, that Lawrence is a very great man. One feels, however, that he lacks any profound insight into Lawrence's mind. Be that as it may, his book is an invaluable one — well written, richly documented, full of fresh information, and devoid of vague, flowery panegyrics. Liddell Hart may be a hero-worshipper, but he is a level-headed one with a sense of perspective. His biography rounds out admirably the story of *Revolt in the Desert* — very necessary in that *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is still unavailable to the general public — and easily supplants earlier, less critical, less substantial books.

NIJINSKY, by Romola Nijinsky (Simon & Schuster, $3.75). Diaghileff is dead, Nijinsky insane, and the years before the war — when the Russian Ballet first dazzled Europe — now seem fantastically remote. The tragic and romantic story of the great dancer, written by his wife, deals chiefly with that vanished golden era. It is hard to realize that only two decades have passed since then, that the Nijinskys are not yet middle-aged, and that within the lifetime of most of us the merits of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* could figure as an international issue. Romola Nijinsky, who tells the story with such vividness and spontaneity, was an aristocrat by birth and the daughter of Hungary's most famous actress. She was seventeen when the Ballet came to Budapest in 1912, and then and there her resolution crystallized to draw as close as possible to Nijinsky. It was a hard task. Diaghileff, that great impresario and master of all talents, deliberately isolated the dancer from outside contacts in order to preserve their all-too-intimate relationship. Romola had to fight his powerful hostility as well as Nijinsky's apparent indifference to her existence. Finally, as if in a fairy tale, she married him — and the two of them paid the heavy penalty of Diaghileff's displeasure. It is a strange, enthralling drama, but equally absorbing is Madame Nijinsky's account of her husband's professional career — of his long training at the Imperial Ballet School, of his meeting and early triumphs with Diaghileff, of his dealings with Fokine, Bakst, Stravinsky, Pavlova, of his experiences in America, of his last, heartrending performance before he went hopelessly insane. This biography is naturally not unbiased. To his wife Nijinsky was a kind of demigod, half saint as well as genius, and it is quite possible that she casts Diaghileff in too Mephistophelian a rôle. Her book, however, is the more moving because of its emotional overtones, and it is as well a rich storehouse of interpretative comment on the dance and on the various ballets included in Diaghileff's repertoire. That Madame Nijinsky can write as detachedly as she does is something of a miracle — and her book itself is almost miraculously fine.

TENDER IS THE NIGHT, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner, $2.50). Already the reviewers have been at each other's throats about this novel — the first Mr. Fitzgerald has written for a number of years. Does it fulfill the promise of *The Great Gatsby?* Has the author at last matured? Its technical brilliance, to be sure, has scarcely been disputed — nor should it be. It is with exquisite skill that Mr. Fitzgerald strips off, layer by layer, the deceptive pretences which shield his characters. When first encountered on the Riviera the rich and witty young Divers appeared to be all that is civilized, fortunate, and charming. Slowly one learns that Nicole has been a mental patient, that she is still afflicted by dark neuroses, and that Dick Diver has sacrificed his career as a psychiatrist to the difficult joint task of doctor and husband. He cracks at last beneath the strain, goes

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THE BOOK PARADE

under, while Nicole callously finds new channels for the strength Dick has built up for her. It is an interesting, complex story, but Mr. Fitzgerald has not probed deeply enough into his characters' past, nor dwelt sufficiently on the more profound causes which lead them, soft and spoiled as they are, to disintegrate so easily.

GERMANY PREPARES FOR WAR, by Ewald Banse (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). Justly fearing what the reaction abroad might be, Nazi Germany attempted to prevent the publication of this book in English. For foreign consumption Herr Banse was branded as an "irresponsible theorist." Actually, he is an acknowledged expert on scientific geography and military theory and holds an important academic post under government sanction. Herr Banse is, however, a militarist of an appallingly frank breed. His book is a call to action and arms, and his endeavor throughout is to equip the German mind for coming combat. Painstakingly he examines the status of all the European nations, plus America and Japan, analyzes their errors in the World War, estimates how Germany can most fruitfully make use of them in the wars that are to come, and warns against a repetition of the mistakes which Germany made in 1914. (A major one, he says, was the failure to invade and seize Holland.) In his more imaginative flights of bellicose venom and arrogant ambition Herr Banse may seem merely ridiculous. To so misjudge him would be unwise. On the whole, *Germany Prepares for War* is a hard-headed, coldly logical, thoroughly consistent theory of national defense. One can easily imagine the force of its appeal to a nation that is smarting from a sense of inferiority and injustice. To be shocked and startled by this book is natural; a failure to take it seriously is blind.

LONG REMEMBER, by MacKinlay Kantor (Coward-McCann, $2.50). A richly realistic novel, *Long Remember* tells how the sleepy, unsuspecting village of Gettysburg suddenly found itself a battlefield for opposing armies. With surprising virtuosity, Mr. Kantor does not confine himself to panoramic effects, but heightens his vaster drama by building it around a crisis in personal fortunes. Dan Bale, a pacifist, a philosopher, a skeptic, returns from the West to his native Gettysburg a month before the battle. He falls in love with Irene, the beautiful, red-haired wife of a weakling who is at the wars, and their passion — a rarely convincing one — mounts in intensity until the very eve of chaos. Then come the thundering hoofs of the Confederate Army, with the Union troops following after, and peace and love itself are swallowed up in an inferno of gunshot, gangrene, and death which leaves the quiet countryside a shambles. Documented with fidelity, written with modern directness and with great power, *Long Remember* ranks very near those distinguished Civil War novels, *The Red Badge of Courage* and Evelyn Scott's *The Wave*. One misses any sense of the issues at stake, but within its self-imposed limits it is a remarkable achievement.

JAMES SHORE'S DAUGHTER, by Stephen Vincent Benét (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The rude realities of American money-grabbing never quite come to the surface in this essentially romantic tale. James Shore was a copper magnate from the west whose daughter, Violet, grew up to share his vigor and his lust for power. Garry Grant, who had been brought up in Europe, and whose mother was a too-articulate handmaiden of culture, was indelibly impressed by Violet when they first met as children in the eighties. Their love never came to fruition, however, because Violet — obsessed by a belated dream of empire — chose instead to marry a millionaire's son whom she tried to use as a tool to further her own ambitions. In all of his characters, according to Mr. Benét, the healthy pioneer impulse went wrong, soured, and doomed them to frustration. His novel is very artfully and gracefully written in a prose that half mesmerizes one by its lyric quality. It is, however, a little thin and sentimental. One feels that the treatment does not suit the theme.

IN ALL COUNTRIES, by John Dos Passos (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A sensitive, skeptical eye, a corrosive scorn of old orders everywhere, a sure instinct for the revealing scene of anecdote — these things are characteristic of Dos Passos. When he turns reporter, as he does in this book of sketches, the corrupt and overfed have reason to quake. *In All Countries* is the fruit of recent roamings in Russia, Mexico, Spain, and the United States — with special emphasis on those underground seethings of unrest, those travesties of justice, which seldom reach the front pages. The purely descriptive Russian section and the ironical commentaries on America in transition are the best parts of a book which is almost wholly good. In Dos Passos humor and indignation combine. He is a wit as well as a crusader, and his vignettes of contemporary life have a biting vigor which few writers can match.

HOW ODD OF GOD, by Lewis Browne (Macmillan, $2.50). There is a brief, compact bit of verse which runs thus: "How odd of God to choose the Jews." It is a long time, however, says Mr. Browne, since the theory of the Chosen People

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THE BOOK PARADE

was in its heydey. More and more, all over the world, the Jews are abandoning their ancient ritual and are attempting to emerge from seclusion. The Gentile, on the other hand, has in no way abandoned that policy of exclusion which has been primarily responsible for preserving the integrity of the Jewish race, and it is evident now, if it was not before, that the basis of anti-Jewish prejudice is something other than religious. Mr. Browne, after offering evidence to disprove the existence of a pure racial type that can be identified as Jewish, launches the provocative theory that the Jews are hated and set apart because for fifteen hundred years they have been a city people in a world which is still predominantly rural in its life and habits of thought. *How Odd of God* crowds a surprising amount of Jewish history, familiar and unfamiliar, into its crisp, flashing pages. It is perverse at times, but always suggestive and interesting, and it has, of course, a timeliness of which Mr. Browne is frankly aware.

BASSETT, by Stella Gibbons (Longmans, $2.00). *Cold Comfort Farm* was a wickedly accurate parody of the all-too-rural novel. In *Bassett* Miss Gibbons contents herself with stray jabs at this and that, and spins irresponsibly an amusing yarn about two sets of characters who have little in common except residence in the same quiet village. Two spinsters, quite unafflicted by the conventional yearning for matrimony, set up a boarding house in the ruins of Edwardian grandeur. A brother and sister, selfish, attractive, and temperamentally unfitted for marriage, cause a number of heartaches. Miss Gibbons is recklessly unperturbed by the slightness and inconsequence of her plot and specializes entirely in good dialogue, scenes that are entertaining for their own sake, characters of a salty oddity. As a writer she has real wit, and one hopes that she will soon try something more ambitious.

DO WE WANT FASCISM? by Carmen Haider (John Day, $2.00). Defining the Fascist state as "a dictatorial form of government exercised in the interests of capitalists," Miss Haider first analyzes the growth and development of Fascism in Italy and Germany. She shows how, despite its middle-class origins, Fascism ultimately harms all but the owning class and how the worker, in particular, is reduced to a progressively more hopeless status. For America she predicts the same results — after a careful survey of current Fascist trends in the United States — and she calls upon the working class, plus professionals, farmers, and white collar people, to resist in time a possible seizure of power which could only be injurious to them. Miss Haider's book is less brilliant and searching than John Strachey's *Menace of Fascism*, but it is directed much more specifically toward the American situation. It may, also, be read more sympathetically, since Miss Haider does not espouse Marxism as openly and ardently as Mr. Strachey.

THE RECKONING, by Leane Zugsmith (Smith & Haas, $2.50). The basic theme of this Manhattan medley is the elusive nature of justice. An underprivileged Italian boy falls into the hands of the police, and more or less fortuitously a group of very diverse people become interested in his case. His ultimate fate affects each one of them, and each is forced in the end to balance personal considerations against the claims of abstract justice. Miss Zugsmith's range is wide. She seems perfectly familiar with the Tammany-dominated world of the East Side — with boy crooks, scheming politicians, shady lawyers. Her kaleidoscopic novel is fast, incisive, and timely. It would have been even better had she gone more deeply into the backgrounds and temperaments of her characters.

LATE FLOWERING, by Janet Curren Owen (Harper, $2.00). As the title suggests, this is the story of a young woman who never fully matured until she had been married eleven years, and who tried in vain to find satisfaction in her child. Wayward, impulsive, naïve, Katharine is a rather charming and unusual heroine, but her love affair with a vigorous, arrogant Pole — the manager of a nearby Connecticut estate — is singularly unconvincing, and so too is her reconciliation to the husband who had shocked and alienated her by his ardor. Miss Owen writes delicately and well, but this particular novel is oversupplied with rather incredible situations.

SEVEN GOTHIC TALES, by Isak Dinesen (Smith & Haas, $2.50). Picture, if you can, a battery of loquacious gargoyles spouting such words as "baffling," "eerie," "indescribable," "unique," "fantastic," "strange," "enthralling," and you will have a fairly accurate idea of the effect this book produced on the majority of critics. Considering the fact that the author is a Danish lady writing in English, a language in which she was not originally trained, *Seven Gothic Tales* is a remarkable performance. But in much of what the critics have acclaimed lie the main faults of her stories. For example, the leisurely narratives of Miss Malin Natog-Dag, the bogus Cardinal, Jonathan Mærsk, and the girl Calypso rob "The Deluge at Nordeney" of the tension of impending disaster, a quality which it can ill afford to lose to the superfluous oddities of its *dramatis personae*. "The Monkey" would be a better story if much of its rose-colored and incense-laden description had been cut, "enchanting"

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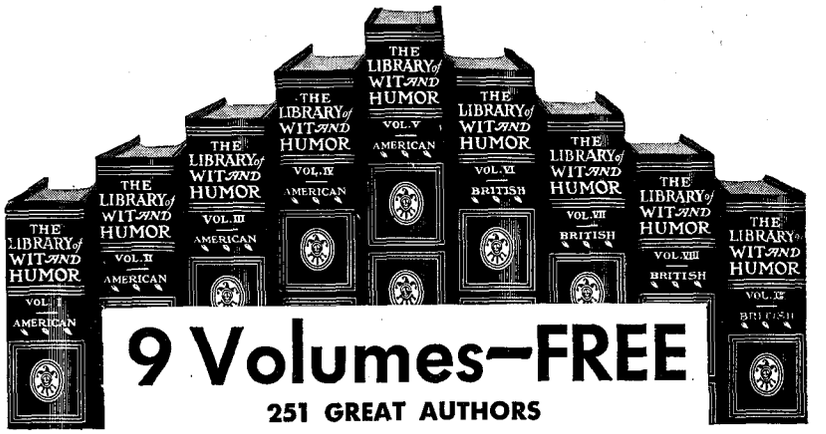
though it may be. "The Roads Round Pisa" suffers from an overcomplication of plot; "The Supper at Elsinore," from an overemphasized atmosphere of musty aristocracy. Similar faults, of course, could be picked out of the other stories — "The Old Chevalier," "The Dreamers," and "The Poet" — but perhaps these faults are of no consequence in Gothic tales, in which case the majority of critics were justified in spouting praises from cathedral heights.

THE ROOSEVELT YEAR: A Photographic Record, edited by Pare Lorentz (Funk & Wagnalls, $2.75). Of photographic histories we have had two distinguished examples during the past year: *The First World War*, by Laurence Stallings, and *The American Procession*, by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen. Of the first it might be said that it contained more propaganda than history and of the second that it presented a collection of reminiscences too scattered to convey any ordered conception of the times recalled. Mr. Lorentz's book has neither of these faults: it comes nearer actual history. Photographs, subtitles, and headlines, carrying the events over from page to page, bind together with astonishing coherence and vividness the complex activities in this country during the first year of the New Deal.

COME IN AT THE DOOR, by William March (Smith & Haas, $2.50). This is a curious, fascinating study of the development of insanity in an individual who suffered a severe psychic shock in childhood. As a small boy Chester Hurry witnessed the hanging of one of his father's mulatto servants. The experience shocked him into a delirium from which he recovered with the vision of the tragedy blurred and indistinct, just beyond his recollection. Although he grew up far away from the scenes of his childhood, Chester could never remove this shadow from his mind. It tortured him because he could never express it, could never recall why it was there. In a somewhat melodramatic but convincingly written final chapter, Mr. March describes the collapse of Chester's mind when, after many years, sudden association with the past recalls the sickening sight of the hanging. Although *Come in at the Door* fails to measure up to the general excellence of *Company K*, Mr. March's previous book, it should be required reading for those interested in the work of important, modern American writers.

THE MENACE OF RECOVERY, by William MacDonald (Macmillan, $2.50). Mr. MacDonald attempts to plow a deep furrow through the aims and accomplishments of the Roosevelt Administration down to the end of 1933. But Mr. MacDonald's plow is exceeding dull, and he pauses too often to sharpen it on the news columns of the *New York Herald Tribune* and *The New York Times*. The snails and worms of fallacy and inconsistency which he turns up for our inspection squirm torpidly in the gray light of his reasoning. "Recovery did not begin with the advent of the Roosevelt Administration," writes Mr. MacDonald, "it had already started, in the slow, irregular and hesitating fashion in which emergence from a long and severe depression would naturally begin, before President Roosevelt was elected." To those who believe likewise, this book should be a consolation.



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